THEATRE MAGAZINE

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From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

ADOLF BOLM

Dancing in the ballet-burlesque "Petruschka" at the Metropolitan Opera House

OUR UNCOMMERCIAL MANAGERS

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

THOUGH the drama is an art, the theatre, which is the only medium through which the art of the drama can be delivered to the public, is necessarily a commercial institution; and it is entirely fitting that what is of necessity a business should be controlled and conducted by business men.

No one at all familiar with the history of the drama in its very greatest periods has any patience, in theory, with the complaints made frequently in print against the fact that our theatre is conducted by a group of so-called "commercial managers." The main trouble with these magnates is not that they are commercial, but that they are not commercial enough. They are not nearly so commercial, for example, as Molière and Shakespeare, both of whom began life as penniless actors and ended life as rich proprietors, because of their careful conduct of a business whose only asset, at the outset, was their own ability to please the public.

It would not be reasonable to complain because our managers are business men, but, on the other hand, there are many reasons for complaining that their conduct of the theatre business is exceedingly unbusinesslike. It is so unbusinesslike that, if the facts were known to those tired business men from further down-town who sometimes patronize the theatres of Times Square, these latter would be certainly amazed and probably amused.

Any author who has ever sold or tried to sell a play, any actor who has ever been engaged for a Broadway production, must have a funny tale or two to tell about the slipshod conduct of the theatre business, which would sound astonishing to any director of a down-town corporation.

IMAGINE a railroad or a factory or a bank conducted by a president, or general manager, who often broke appointments made upon his own initiative, seldom answered letters, changed his mind about important matters three or four times a week, and forgot each day what he had said the day before, worked sixteen hours one day and none at all the next, and frequently disappeared from his office for a week or two without leaving any address. Under such a régime, any bank or factory or railroad would go bankrupt in a month; yet this is the history, not of one or two of our managerial offices, but of at least a dozen of them.

As a whole, there is no more amiable class of men than our theatre magnates; most of our actors will testify to that, and most of our playwrights also; but to regard them seriously as men of business would be absurd. They are gamblers (and everybody loves a gambler); they are adventurers (and everybody loves an adventurer); but of business, and of the methods by which business is customarily conducted, they are as innocent as any child or artist in the world. If an author or an actor should forget his appointments, neglect his mail, and break his contracts, he would be pointed out as a miserable victim of that damning disease which is popularly labelled "the artistic temperament"; but, whenever a theatre manager commits these selfsame sins, his office-boy explains that the chief was "busy."

That atmosphere of *opéra-bouffe* which permeates our theatre offices is rather amusing now and then to our actors and our authors, who, as a rule, are much more businesslike than the magnates who employ them; but the situation, in so far as it is intimate, is perhaps of no immediate concern to the theatre-going public. Assuredly, the present writer, who holds in affectionate regard many of these amiable managers, feels no desire to parade in print a satiric record of their manifest shortcomings as mere men of business. If they wish to be "temperamental"—whatever that rather silly-sounding adjective may mean—they can afford to be so. Creative artists are the only people in the world who can seldom afford to be "temperamental." Artists are manufacturers; and manufacturers are reasonably expected, in our homely American phrase, to deliver the goods, and to effect this delivery on time.

BUT there are one or two habitual shortcomings of our managers which affect adversely the receipts at the box-office; and these may be discussed in public, to the ultimate advantage of all concerned. One of these shortcomings is so obvious that it ought not to be necessary to call it to the carpet. When the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad announces that the daily express train from New York to Chicago will leave the station at two P. M., it leaves at two P. M., but, when a theatre manager announces that his new play will begin at eight-fifteen, it usually begins at eight forty-five. Any railroad president who missed by half an hour the minute advertised for the departure of his most important train would be dismissed as a man unfitted to conduct a big business; any general who missed by thirty seconds the appointed moment for sending over a *barrage* or launching the infantry over the top would be degraded and disgraced; yet our theatre managers, who are presumed to be men of business, like our generals and our presidents of railroads, habitually disregard the time-table which they have previously paid money to announce through the advertising pages of the public prints.

On the other hand, our newspapers are conducted by business men and regulated on a business basis; they go to press at a definite minute, and none of their writers are permitted to overstep the mark. Therefore, the first-night reviewers, in order to fulfill their commercial obligation to get to press on time, are frequently forced to leave the theatre before seeing the last act.

THE managers complain. They often say, "So-and-So 'knocked' my play; but he didn't even stay to see the end of it; I saw him walk out"; but they seldom pause to realize that this same commentator, the hypothetic Mr. So-and-So, would have stayed until the end if the piece had been started at the moment which the manager had advertised, instead of at a moment vaguely snatched at, half an hour later.

In response to this complaint, the managers are accustomed to reply naively, "But we couldn't ring up at eight-fifteen; nobody was there; we had to hold the curtain for the audience." It is true, of course, that every normal house contains a certain small number of very vulgar people, always arrayed in evening dress, and always ostentatiously the purchasers of agency tickets at a premium, who are so ill-bred as to disturb the other members of the audience by intentionally coming late; but the counted number of these deliberate barbarians is always comparatively small. Even these people might endeavor to get into their seats on time if they felt at all assured that the curtain would rise on time. The very patrons who habitually come late to the theatre, and against whom our managers complain, would never think of missing an express train from New York to Chicago. These people always manage somehow to get to the Pennsylvania Station on time, because they have been taught to realize the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad means what it says when it publishes a schedule of trains; but when they read the announcements of the theatres, they say from habit, "Let us sit around another half an hour," and "Let us have another drink." The result is frequently unfair to the author and also to the actors.

Another point that is important to the public is that our so-called "commercial managers" are so uncommercial in the conduct of their business that they have never yet made any appreciable effort to coördinate a common programme for the launching of new plays. What is practically termed the "producing season" in New York has lately been extended to forty weeks out of every recurrent fifty-two. In each year, approximately one hundred and sixty theatrical productions are launched for the first time in the American metropolis. This constitutes an arithmetic average of four new plays per week, throughout the active season.

THIS average of new productions, though excessive if regarded in the light of history, would not be too numerically vast for the consumption of our modern cosmopolis, the largest and most varied city in the entire written record of the world, if it were arranged, in accordance with a reasonable calendar, by a committee of calculating men of business. But, to arrange this hypothetic calendar of new productions, our so-called "commercial managers" have obviously neglected, in the popular and current phrase, to "get together."

In the two weeks antedating Christmas, 1918, no new play was presented to the theatre-going public of New York; but, in Christmas week, no less than eleven new productions were imposed upon the public. During the week initiated on Monday, January 6, 1919, only one new play was offered for consideration; but, during the following week, no less than half a dozen plays were presented for attention. It is scarcely necessary to note the fact that a schedule of this sort is totally unbusinesslike. In the first place, it is obviously distractive of a sympathetic response from the professional reviewers of the theatre. To regard the problem humanly, what can be expected by a manager from a reporter who is required to kill time for two weeks or three, with nothing whatsoever to write a piece about, and is then (*Concluded on page* 173.)

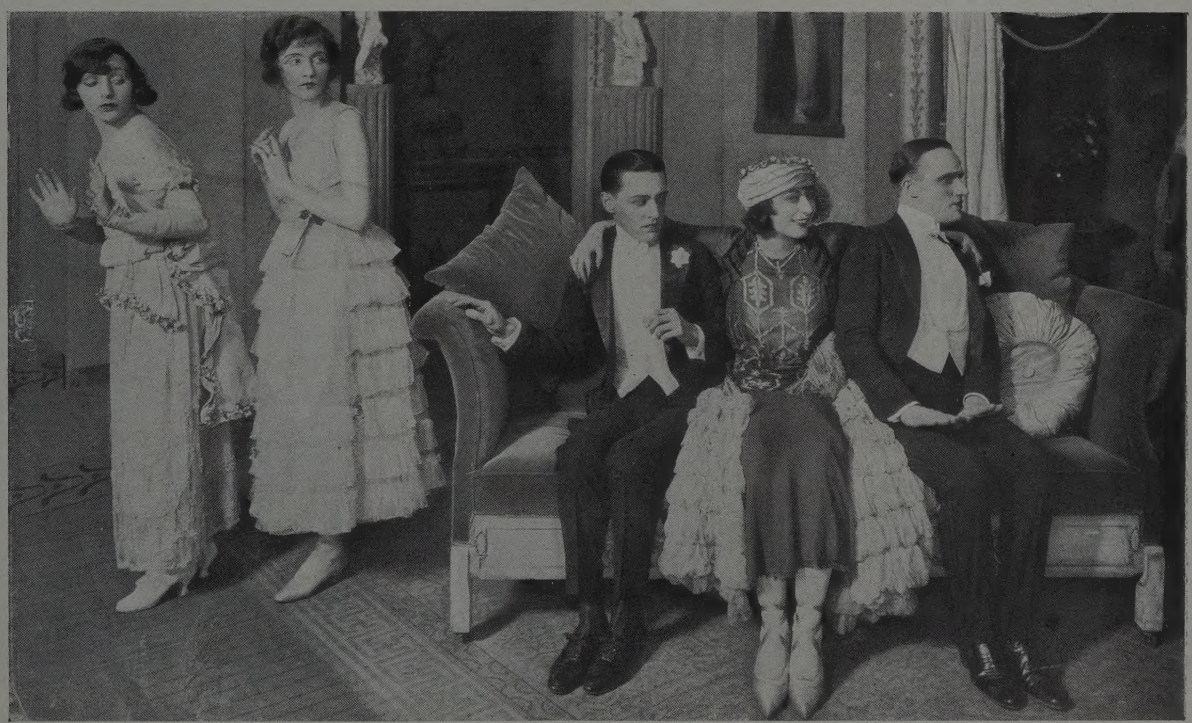
Photos White

Lily Cahill as Madame de Chesne, the former wife of the Marquis

The Marquis (right—Leo Ditrichstein) boasts of his conquests over women to Pierre (Brandon Tynan) in "The Marquis de Priola," at the Liberty

JANE GREY

As Madame De Valleroi, the frivolous social butterfly whose affair with the Marquis is one in the episodes of "The Marquis de Priola"



Minerva Coverdale Marie Flynn Alfred Gerrard Fay Marbe Ray Raymond

SCENE IN "THE VELVET LADY," A MUSICAL HIT AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

A NEW DITRICHSTEIN PLAY AND A MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Five operatic premières mark a busy month for the song lover

By PIERRE V. R. KEY

ALONG time ago a wise person observed competition to be the life of trade. It is a bit of the spice, also. New York has made this discovery during the past month, and will vouch that it is as applicable to art as to commerce, and may be even more interesting.

Take the field of opera—the fertile field where the Metropolitan and the Chicago companies lately have been clashing their ploughshares in a fashion to set the town by its heels and tongues to wagging.

It has been a month of music of all kinds, but especially a month of opera music. All else has fallen into the shadow; not completely, yet sufficiently, eclipsed. And largely because of those events known as premières—which the public loves and critics regard as annoying occasions provocative of excess work.

Five times the première signal bell has clanged. Such racing as has ensued! "Crispino e la Comare" led the way to all others by putting in a first appearance, after a long sojourn on the shelf, over at the Metropolitan. The brothers Ricci should be held responsible; they wrote it. For Antonio Scotti it was a pleasurable scamper; an afternoon to unleash his ebullient spirits and invoke from his audience its old-time cry. He can harden their hearts, Mr. Scotti, but given its chance his versatile art also can tickle them.

In other respects the cast inclined in the required frothy direction; all other save one. Sophie Braslau's *Le Comare* proved the outlandish exception. Someone seemed at fault, and he must be a solemn soul, for he made up the American singer to look like a cousin to Hamlet's ghost. But Sophie sang well.

Her gorgeous contralto is losing much of its former throatiness, and we rejoice; there's a voice for you, when Miss Braslau elects not to swallow it.

THOMAS CHALMERS and Andres de Segurola found their chances, and Frieda Hempel had her's. But Miss Hempel's comedy is all off the same piece of cloth. She is always Miss Hempel no matter what the rôle. Her singing helped, and in the interpolated "Carnival of Venice" her fioriture flowed less jerkily than it usually does. For a lyric soprano her voice discloses some agile moments.

"La Reine Fiammette" came next, also at the Metropolitan, a veritable bomb of color right off Boris Anisfeld's brush. One's impression of his Russian impressionism is a mass of purples and greens and reds sprinkled with much else besides. The artist's touch is there, in multitudinous detail, for Anisfeld omits nothing the fancy can fetch.

But the opera itself is quite a different thing. If it were not for Xavier Leroux's music "Fiammette" might have a living chance. The story is there, and a good one; the very one Catulle Mendes put into a play which is drama of a tragic kind. It dips back into sixteenth century days and surges about a lovely young queen who provoked a bad, bad cardinal by her religious views.

Of course, he incited the worthless consort, Giorgio, into complicity in the assassination plot. Giorgio was not exactly a loving husband, nor a nervy one, for he grew shaky at the eleventh hour and warned Fiammette. It was unnecessary; she already knew. Even as she sat calmly watching the fête dancers on the terrace Danielo, the monk, was creeping near with his knife. Danielo alone did not know—that the blade was intended for the woman of the convent whom he loved; the woman whose arms had held him only a few hours before. Because her identity had been skilfully masked. Only when he raised his arm did recognition clothe the queen in a protecting armor. Afterward she abdicated to save her lover the death penalty his failure decreed. Then the cardinal consigned them both to the headsman's axe.

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CARLO HACKETT

A welcome addition to the musical roster is this young Bostonian. Before he went to Europe, he had sung only in concert, but at his début in "The Barber of Seville" at the Metropolitan he scored a popular success. He has a light, "white" voice

With such fabric as a basis a composer should start well. But Leroux never did. He wandered far from what should have been his individual road, into other musicians' fields, snipping here and there melodic flowers reared by other hands. He had a good memory; but, being a patchwork of so many men's ideas the "Fiammette" score hesitates as to which way to go. Too many masters may have been calling.

Mechanically, a workmanlike task was performed. Leroux was acquainted with the orchestra and could write for it in ways to put becoming dress upon such musical framework as is there. But in few places does sustained melody sing sincerely; few places where the dramatic idea meets its musical consort, where power and color merge with each other in gripping effects.

Miss Farrar was a lovely queen. No more human bit of acting has come under the eyes than she gave in the scene after her abdication—a wearied soul plucking pearls from her crown and casting them through the window to the poor outside. She sang fervently, though her voice rebelled occasionally at altitudinous notes.

Hipolito Lazaro actually startled us for a time. He began so reposefully, with such restrained and grateful tone, that it seemed at last he had decided to allow his beautiful voice to go its lyric way. Then, straightway, he became stentorian again, a vocal hercules threatening the security of swaying chandeliers. Leon Rothier must have been a realistic cardinal; everyone detested him so thoroughly. Perhaps all that saved him was his splendid singing. Adamo Didur rightfully refused to touch up the colorless rôle of the reptilian Giorgio . . . for which we thank him as much as we do Mary Ellis for the charming things she did in two small parts.

From the Metropolitan we struck eastward across town; to the Lexington theatre for the Chicago opera opening. Cleofonte Campanini still is on deck; he paces the bridge in a masterly way. On this evening he went below, seized his conductor's baton and shivered the timbers leading the rousing "Gismonda" score.

Another titled lady—this time a duchess—was in trouble. It seems, according to the way the librettist saw things, that an admirer was in a hurry to put the little heir to the duchy of Athens where he would be a pebble out of the path. A tiger's den being conveniently adjacent Zaccaria arranged to have the youngster deposited therein. Thereafter he could marry the lady and issue such orders as he would.

ALL might have been well according to Zaccaria's lights if the sturdy falconer Almerio had not been taking his morning stroll just as Gismonda swore by her faith to marry the man who should save her little boy.

Loving the mother, Almerio recognized a fortuitous chance to level social barriers in what obviously was the one and only way. In no time at all he discovered it to be his lucky day, for after a brief argument with the tiger he reappeared, bearing the unharmed lad in his arms.

Right then Gismonda did an unsportsmanlike thing: she rebelled at her bargain. Fortunately for Almerio, a Bishop had heard Gismonda make her vow, and he warned her it must be kept. The Athens populace upheld him, after the duchess had secluded herself in a convent, where Almerio followed. To his love declaration Gismonda offered to go secretly to the falconer's dwelling, and there to remain over night; and she did go, hoping to dissuade the peasant from his matrimonial idea. The persistent Zaccaria, intent then upon Almerio's elimination, followed; but it was his life which was ended, by Gismonda herself. With heroic self-sacrifice the falconer assumed the guilt, which seems to have been just the thing to do, for then Gismonda turned to him—to fulfill her sacred pledge.

A large and noteworthy audience attended the New York premiere of Henri Fevrier's opera,

Matzene

ROSA RAISA AS TOSCA

The Russian dramatic soprano whom Chicago and New York have both acclaimed

Matzene

YVONNE GALL AS JULIET

Formerly of the Paris Opera and lately at the Teatro Colon, in Buenos Aires, who recently made her New York début

ALESSANDRO DOLCI IN "AIDA"

The Italian dramatic tenor who, before coming to this country, gained success abroad

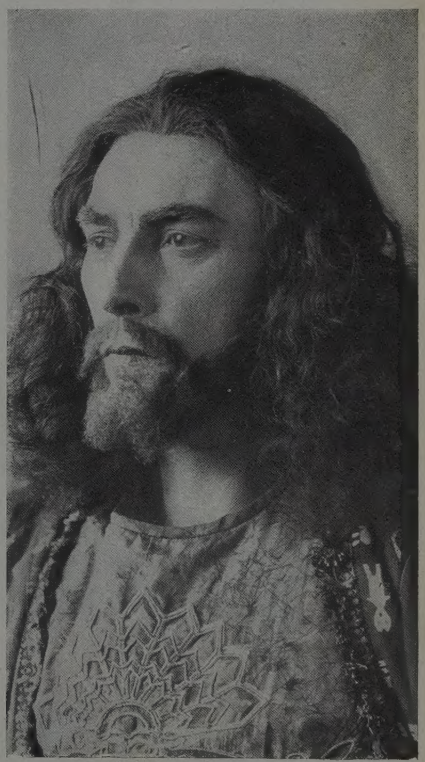
GUIDO CICCOLINI

The young Italian tenor whose success on tour with the Chicago Opera resulted in a regular engagement with the company

Goldberg

DOROTHY JARDON

Formerly a vaudeville favorite who has advanced from light to grand opera



Matzene

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

The "French" dramatic tenor of the Chicago Opera, really an Irishman, who has sung successfully in many European cities

CHICAGO OPERA BIRDS—OLD AND NEW

including the composer himself. He need not have been ashamed of his music. Of like substance to his own "Monna Vanna" it strikes boldly beneath the surface of things. Not great, perhaps, and not wholly original—for Fevrier, too, has the tendency of plucking out of the air another man's music. Still, in "Gismonda" he has assimilated more cleverly than Leroux; and the Fevrier musical tints are laid on with a surer brush.

Omnipotently into the picture, soon after the first curtain, strode Mary Garden; bursting with vigor and gestures and sliding into the music with that vocal exclusivity wholly her own. She was welcomed, and rewelcomed almost endlessly at each intermission, for Mary is Mary in every city in the land.

A new French tenor made his début in the person of Charles Fontaine. He has the athlete's physique, but no Olympian vocal championship. Reliable and intelligent, as most French singers are, and with a voice that twangs a bit through over-centering at the nose. Zaccaria was done by Alfred Maguenat, a dramatic artist who should never attempt to sing. It was different when Marcel Journet—long absent from our midst—loosed his rolling basso. There were times when we feared his tones would wash us out of our seat.

Not content with this premiere, Mr. Campanini offered another, on the following Friday night. It was "Le Chemineau," the great vagabond play of Jean Richepin, which offered such inspiring material that even Leroux, who had another chance in spite of "Fiammette," could not go utterly wrong. His music had a more definite mould, and, being more Leroux, carried some genuine appeal. It is modern and dramatically stirring, under the firm support of the drama; for here, unmistakably, the play is the thing.

George Baklanoff, in the minor rôle of François, touched the people that night. His big scene at the end of the second act was powerfully conceived, and built to a climax that left the spectators gasping when he struck wildly at the man who had ranted freely of a woman's misstep. It seems unnecessary to expand on the plot—most of us know it; possibly saw Otis Skinner portray the vagabond a few years ago.

M. Maguenat had this part, which commands the actor to act if events are to hold. He was moderately successful, and had his singing been less a squeezing process of voice, no doubt he might have left an impression of an achievement well done.

To give the baritone full credit it *was* well done—one must take account of acting, in opera, as well as singing. But the Toinette of Yvonne Gall—a new French lyric soprano with a round, beautiful voice which is allowed too often to sound dry—was a fine character portrayal and finer still in its singing. A bit more temperament, a touch of the musician's care that seldom is present when this artist sings, would have lifted her to the solitary pedestal we think will not be her's.

The town turned out on the following Tuesday for Mme. Galli-Curci and to see what it should hear. None of the willingness of a year ago, when this singer made her début here, to extend any benefit of doubt. Right away the soprano got it, and it may have hurt. For her first air was just below the pitch from start to finish; very, very little—which is sometimes worse.

Not until the mad scene in the second act of the antiquated "Linda di Chamounix" did Mme. Galli-Curci wake up and *get* up . . . to the notes. The mad scene saved her from what threatened, for a time, to be a shivery evening. Then there was Riccardo Stracciari who rather "took things away" from the little prima donna. "Linda" is a baritone's opera, anyway, and Mr. Campanini put in one of the best obtainable for the very "fat" rôle of Antonio. A luscious voice, Stracciari's. He is prone to cut loose over much, but when he doesn't go too far—to use an expression favored by a sportingly-inclined western music critic—"he's there."

Someone else in the "Linda" cast who also "was there" that evening is Carolina Lazzari, a contralto who doesn't try to throttle her epiglottis every time she gives a low note. Forrest Lamont was musically and mentally "thereabouts" whenever he appeared, but some distance off in the matter of voice. If Lamont only would let go of his tone. But he won't. He squeezes it out, like one will peas from a pod. Having sat through "Linda" once we can promise never to do so again.

There has been much else in the Chicago company's New York season, just coming to a close. More than a score of operas, which of course we have not space to consider. But few better performances of "Madama Butterfly" have been given anywhere than that so superbly conducted by Giorgio Polacco and sung and played by a cast including the dimunitive Tamaki Miura and Forrest Lamont. The little Japanese with the getting-bigger voice describes Mme. Miura well enough. Her nationality, and *finesse*, help her through. Otherwise, still more claque.

We've had also from the Campanini contingent "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"; Massenet's "Manon," "Thais," with Miss Garden triumphing manifestly, with very little on, and a "Pelleas et Melisande," in which this artist was supreme; "Romeo and Juliet," "Tales of Hoffman" and "Isabeau"—which brings to mind Anna Fitziu. Anna, who donned fleshings for her Godiva-like ride. But Anna was in no hurry. For when her attendants pulled aside her cloak she strolled along the terrace toward her waiting steed as nonchalantly as you please, her golden hair hanging down her back.

Meanwhile, to hop over to the Metropolitan, there were more operas to hear while the Chicagoans were wailing on the East Side. Pretty much the same repertoire was going on, however, which has been rotating these recent weeks. Nearly everybody has been well, thank you, for the Campanini visit always wakes things up. A word, though—several, to give her her due—for Mabel Garrison, the American coloratura soprano who sang a Lucia that should have put some foreign coloraturists to tears. And a new American tenor, (*Concluded on page* 180.)

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

By HUBERT SAVILE

QUESTION:—What is needed for success on the stage?

ANSWER:—

Jane Cowl—Beauty.

George Arliss—Intelligence.

Eva Tanguay—Abandon.

Leo Ditrichstein—Refinement.

Ruth Chatterton——Youthfulness.

Mrs. Fiske—Maturity.

Frances Starr—David Belasco.

Lillian Lorraine—Flo Ziegfeld.

Lou Tellegen—A wife.

Geraldine Farrar—A husband.

DeWolf Hopper—Many wives.

Lillian Russell—Many husbands.

Eddie Foy—Many children.

Weber and Fields—A partner.

Roszika and Yansci Dolly—A sister.

Ethel Barrymore—An uncle.

Emily Stevens—An aunt.

Elsie Janis—A mother.

Gaby Deslys—A king.

Maude Adams—Single blessedness.

John Drew—A tailor.

Elsie Ferguson—A dressmaker.

James K. Hackett—Height.

Walker Whiteside—Diminutiveness.

May Irwin—Flesh.

Irene Castle—Bones.

Bertha Kalich—Hands.

Florence Walton—Feet.

Billie Burke—Smiles.

Mary Nash—Tears.

Charles Cherry—The manners of a gentleman.

Julian Eltinge—The manners of a lady.

Willie Collier—Up-to-date comedy.

Robert Mantell—Old-fashioned tragedy.

H. B. Warner—An English accent.

Irene Bordoni—A French accent.

Sam Bernard—A German accent.

Chauncey Olcott—An Irish accent.

David Warfield—Imagination.

Effie Shannon—Sincerity.

William Hodge—Optimism.

Mrs. Leslie Carter—A past.

Alice Brady—A father.

George M. Cohan—An American flag.

Mary Pickford—Curls.

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

PATRICIA COLLINGE IN "TILLIE"

The little Irish girl who everybody remembers as Pollyanna, has again charmed by her prettiness and wistfulness as the Mennonite maid, Tillie. First seen here as a cockney flower girl in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," she was a member of the New Theatre Company, originated the rôle of Youth in "Everywoman," and played leads with Douglas Fairbanks

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Photo Campbell
EVELYN GOSNELL

EVELYN GOSNELL, the pale gold girl in "Up In Mabel's Room," is of Stockholm, Sweden. Perhaps it is the well-known intellectuality of Swedish women, that has caused her to perform a feat that is unique. She achieved Broadway distinction after three months on the stage. Those three months were employed last summer in a Waterbury, Conn., stock company. Her enactment of the rôle of a meddling wife who would regulate the lives of others is so easeful and authoritative that wiseacres who sit in Critics' Row referred to her long training. Her instant success lends color to the belief that actresses are born, not trained

MRS. CHARLES G. CRAIG

WITH the exception of Mrs. Bannon, in "The Country Boy" and Aunt Maria in "Beverly's Balance," Mrs. Charles G. Craig has played only negro mammies for twenty years. Miss Anglin, who loved her Aunt Maria, said: "I can't imagine your playing a Mammy." Yet when as one of the audience, she saw Mrs. Craig's Aunt Judy in "The Melting of Molly," she said: "Thumbs up. I wonder now how you played Aunt Maria." Mrs. Craig plays the mothering negress with her white charges from insight rather than objective knowledge of the institution of the old South. She is a Californian. She was born and married in the State of golden associations, and went on the stage seven years after her marriage

Campbell

MARIE VERNON, who plays with the simplicity of the finest art her difficult rôle in "A Prince There Was," is eight years old. A veteran she, for she has been off and on the stage for five of the eight years. Like Clara Morris, she gave her earliest promise as a dancer

ORLANDO DALY

THE character of Brabaconne, the fop, is one of the best-drawn and most cleverly acted in Ditrichstein's "The Marquis de Priola." Orlando Daly, who impersonates the high-voiced dilettante in the art of life, is from the Australian bush. The long way from a bushwhacker's primitive state to the hypercivilization of French comedy has been filled in part by activities as a sailor and a soldier in the English service. Like Bruce McRae, he lived life before enacting it. Wherefore he enacts it with understanding. He put on his first grease-paint for "The Lights o' London," when he made his début with George Rignold's company, at His Majesty's Theatre, in Sydney, Australia

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

LIBERTY. "THE MARQUIS DE PRIOLA." Play in three acts by Henri Lavedan. Produced on January 20 with this cast:

Marquis de Priola	Leo Ditrichstein
Pierre Morain	Brandon Tynan
Brabaconne	Orlando Daly
Doctor Savieres	Walter Howe
Francesco	Adrian H. Rosley
First Gentleman	Harold Seton
Second Gentleman	Gustav Bowhan
Madame De Valleroi	Jane Grey
Madame Le Chesne	Lily Cahill
Madame Savieres	Katherine Emmet
Fremme De Chambre,	Josephine Hamner

OF modern French writers of distinction, Henri Lavedan's vogue in this country has been particularly limited. Subject matter and treatment never made for wide appeal. "The Marquis de Priola," however, promises for him a more generous recognition. It is a play that anyone can understand, the career of a refinedly vicious voluptuary, who dies at the height of his sensual successes. Something of the school of Baron Chevrial, what Mansfield accomplished in that part Leo Ditrichstein promises to effect in the rôle of the dissolute Marquis.

Lavedan herein presents a marvelously subtle study in decadent psychology, a Parisian Don Juan who pursues *le jupon* for the sheer love of the chase. The drama presents three separate campaigns; one against a frivolous member of society whom he humiliates after extracting a confession of her infatuation for him; the second is against his divorced wife; while in the third, his wife's intimate friend is the object of his attack. Each campaign necessitates individual treatment. How expertly the Marquis works, what dastardly skill he employs in the effort to win ignoble success are triumphs of the author's craft and Mr. Ditrichstein's finished technic.

The Liberty is a large theatre, perhaps somewhat more commodious than such an intimate drama justifies, but the engagement has begun well with a succession of large and enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Ditrichstein's personality is vividly individual, but his art is so delicately searching, his aptness for *nuance* so sure and unobtrusive, his shading of speech and manner so revelatory that a character in his hands takes on the aspect of a finished portrait from the brush of a master. Such is the sketch he presents of the Marquis de Priola. His death is powerfully dramatic.

Brandon Tynan, as his natural son, acts with a subdued skill that hides the anomaly of years. The social butterfly is acted by Jane Grey. It is not of the *genre* Faubourg St. Germain, but it is pitched in a key valuable for purposes of contrast. It is a very noble, dignified and feeling interpretation that Lily Cahill gives of the former wife, while Katherine Emmett's sure and finished methods lend truth and sincerity to the Marquis's third object of attack. Orlando Daly is drolly amusing as a vain, pompous Parisian who apes the airs, manners and methods of his idol in venery.

BOOTH. "THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13." Melodrama in a prologue and four acts by Samuel Shipman and Max Marcin. Produced on January 14 with this cast:

John Bruce	Lowell Sherman
Laura Bruce	Janet Beecher
Maid	Adele Freeman
Bromwell	Willis Claire
Butler	William S. Ely
Dick Turner	Kenneth Hill
"Andy" Lewis	Will Deming
Harriet Marsh	Fay Wallace
Paul Ramsey	Charles Waldron
Lottie Hanson	Dorothy Parker
Edna Crane	Gail Kane
Nellie Pierce	Catherine Tower
Joe Wells	Charles Mather
Chief of Police Carrigan	De Witt C. Jennings
Clarke	C. C. Quinby
Prosecuting Attorney	Dore Rogers
Clerk of the Court	David Marshall

THE Woman in Room 13" is an engrossing example of dramatic blacksmithing as practised by two of America's foremost exponents of the sledge-hammer school. It is largely of the "House of Glass" variety, wherein a woman who divorces an unsatisfactory husband is relentlessly pursued by him through a maze of thrilling adventures.

It was Janet Beecher who got the divorce from Lowell Sherman. He at once took to drink, which made him very black around the eyes, and became a private detective. As such he was employed by his former wife's second husband to protect her against the machinations of a gentleman who sat in her living room and in unsubdued tones plotted her seduction.

As you may readily see, the piece has all the subtlety and *finesse* of a pile-driver. A few minutes later the lady's husband, sitting in the same living room with the detective ex-husband, with similar vociferousness planned her protection from the seducer. The lady must have been secreted in a soundproof vault.

At all events, she was so far misled as to visit the seducer's apartment hotel. There she was met and turned back by a former mistress of that fiend in human form. However, the husband heard *via* the dictograph a conversation which so maddened him that he rushed upstairs and shot Don Juan dead. Friend Husband did not know that the lady who at his approach fled from the apartment was not Janet Beecher at all, but Gail Kane.

The police accused everybody of the murder, and the whole thing had to be threshed out in court. At first, the wife, to save her husband, insisted that she had been in the room with the murdered man. But somehow it all got straightened out, and even her husband came to have faith in her sincerity.

The scenic investiture was notable because of the use of two scrims. Through one of them we caught glimpses of the trial. Gail Kane wore the other scrim, and as she stood before a bright light amply demonstrated her eligibility to the Ziegfeld ranks.

Other artistic bits were contributed by Lowell Sherman, who made the divorced husband a vigorous and interesting figure, and by Janet Beecher, who did all that melodrama of this school demands to the part of the ill-fated wife. It would be hard to imagine even Rachel or Mrs. Siddons getting any more effect out of the line, "Get out before I have you thrown out!"

COMEDY. "THE CLIMAX." Comedy in three acts by Edward Locke. Incidental music by Joseph Carl Breil. Revived on January 16 with this cast:

John Raymond	Roy Walling
Adelina Van Hagen	Eleanor Painter
Luigi Golfonti	Walter Wilson
Pietro Golfonti	Effigham Pinto

AN inspiration to somebody's credit was the revival of Edward Locke's "The Climax," which was made at the Comedy Theatre with Eleanor Painter in the rôle of

the singer who by "mental suggestion" believes she has lost her voice. Effingham Pinto as the eccentric young pianist renewed his old time hit but with a difference; if memory deceives not his performance in that earlier day stood out with extraordinary prominence, a little too much so for a true valuation of the play. It is as interesting now but as Miss Painter is truly a gifted singer the part of "Adelina," in the main very well played by her, retires it to a splendidly effective but nevertheless subsidiary rôle. Walter Wilson's old musician gains on the other hand by reason of Miss Painter's gift of melodious song.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "A NIGHT IN AVIGNON." Play in one act by Cale Young Rice, with music by Herbert E. Hyde. "STINGY," a pantomime in one act by Maxwell Parry, with music by Herbert E. Hyde. "THE LAUGHTER OF THE GODS," a play in three acts by Lord Dunsany, with music by Herbert E. Hyde. Produced on January 15 with the following players:

Elisabeth Patterson, Beatrice Maude, Aldrich Bowker, Edgar Stehli, Richard Farrell, Joseph Graham, Robert Fiske, Lael Davis, McKay Morris, George Gaul, Donald McClelland, Harold Winston, Margaret Mower, George Somnes, Walter Geer, Morgan Farley, Leon Cunningham, Elizabeth Black

TOO often the cry for the Literary Drama yields something that doesn't act. At the Punch and Judy, however, where Stuart Walker has set up his Portmanteau Theatre, Lord Dunsany, a genuine poet, combining in himself the qualities of a practiced and apt dramatist, is represented in a triple bill by a three-act play called "The Laughter of the Gods," which is none other than a gem. Dunsany has a style peculiarly his own. If in the iterative use of a phrase there is a faint echo of Maeterlinck, like the Belgian it is used simply for the more positive predication of a fact. He utilizes it too for the suggestion of awe and mystery. He succeeds, while in the composition of a limpid, impressive dialogue, in measure quite Biblical, none surpasses him in his peculiar field in the realization of genuine beauty and strength. Nor is the Irishman deficient in humor. Throughout his work is a vein of kindly, gentle satire punctuated by philosophical meaning that lifts his output into the realms of pure literature.

Like "The Gods of the Mountain" this later piece in which their mocking laughter derides man's futile and vain struggles against the inimitable laws of fate is quite Greek-like in its presentation of the fact that the human element is but the plaything of the gods. By blackmail a High Priest is persuaded to declare a perjured revelation that the King may be induced to remove his capital from the Jungle City of Thek back to Barbul-el-Sharnak, a more civilized haunt of man. His courtiers and their wives in particular are anxious for the change. The King, a sceptic, has a neurotic wife who foresees the impending doom that the unbelief and perjury of the court is sure to bring about. It comes. Darkness falls upon the land, the heavens open, the earth rends itself and death and destruction envelop king, court, and palace. As the havoc reaches its height, and the thunder peals, the voice of the recreant, conscience-stricken priest is heard exclaiming: "It is the laughter of the gods."

The period, about the time of the decadence of Babylon, permits of one of those bizarre exotic settings, a riot of color yet still controlled by a central idea and a picturesqueness of costume that brings into vivid relief the barbaric quality of the theme.

The greater part of the acting was in keeping with the value of the text and a nicely balanced, unobtrusive result was obtained in developing its humor and mystery. King Karnos was a regal personage as impersonated by McKay Morris. The sceptic quality was very subtly suggested. Ichtharion, the dissatisfied courtier and his wife were played in the spirit of true comedy by Aldrich Bowker and Elisabeth Patterson. The nerve-disturbed Queen, by Margaret Mower, was beautiful both in its outward and internal revelation, while George Gaul brought presence and fine elocution to his personation of the conscience-stricken priest.

"A Night in Avignon," which opened the bill, is a one-act play by Cale Young Rice, a poetical episode in the life of Petrarch. Its dainty elusive content was never realized. George Gaul was over strenuous as the author of the sonnets. Margaret Mower faintly suggested the disillusioned Laura, who discovers that even poets are at best but men.

"Stingy," a one-act pantomime which followed was entirely too infantile and parochial for metropolitan consumption.

ELTINGE. "UP IN MABEL'S ROOM." Farce in three acts by Wilson Collison and Otto Harbach. Produced on January 15 with this cast:

Kruger	Frederick Sutton
Corliss	Harry C. Bradley
Jimmy Larchmont	Walter Jones
Alicia Larchmont	Evelyn Gosnell
Garry Ainsworth	John Cumberland
Geraldine	Enid Markey
Mabel Essington	Hazel Dawn
Martha Weldon	Lucy Cotton
Arthur Weldon	H. Dudley Hawley
Marie	Adele Rolland

THE difference between French farce and American farce is that in the former you may do anything you please, while in the latter there are a good many things you may only seem to do. The folks on the stage may get the impression that the seventh commandment is being shattered to bits, but the audience must know that it only looks that way.

So it is with "Up in Mabel's Room," wherein the pursuit of a rose-pink chemise embroidered with "From Garry to Mabel" results in almost endless circumstantial evidence of infidelity, with consequent jealous rage on the part of nearly every member of the cast.

Obviously the subject-matter is none too ample. The chemise in its peregrinations takes what might be called a pink trip which well nigh wears it out. It is displayed above bodices, jerked from bedposts and bathroom hooks, stuffed into pockets, and dragged about floors until it looks as if it might have been sent to one of our modern high-grade "hand" laundries.

As a result, the farce at length grows as tenuous and as diaphanous as the garment. Jealous rage is funny enough for awhile, but repeated indefinitely it inevitably palls. The fact is that "Up in Mabel's Room" is saved from tedium only by the super-clowning of John Cumberland, who, as the unfortunate but innocent donor of the underwear, slouches or prances through his moments of defeat or triumph, looking for all the world like a melancholy or an elated frog.

Enid Markey is his jealous and lachrymose child-wife, and Walter Jones, who still points his comic lines with his knees, is the suspicious husband of another suspicious spouse at the inevitable Long Island house party, where the trouble occurs. Hazel Dawn is Mabel, an affianced widow, whose bedroom in the second act becomes the meeting-place of the party. It is almost needless to add that when she ultimately retires,

John Cumberland—in a state of mortal terror—is under the bed.

The Misses Dawn, Markey, and Gosnell, as well as the Messrs. Cumberland and Jones do everything possible to emphasize the unrefined comicalities of "Up in Mabel's Room."

FRENCH THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER. The attraction of a stock company—and who, old enough to go back to the days of Wallack's, the Union Square and Daly's, does not retain the happiest of recollections—is that one grows to have a real living interest in the personalities that make it up. A local pride is engendered in individual accomplishment and one watches with delight the progressive steps upwards towards the achievement of the artistic heights. The permanent company at the Vieux Colombier has really endeared itself to the regular patrons; and the place of esteem which it has won is deserved by the energy, intelligence and splendid excellence it has shown in the many varied programmes presented.

It was a most interesting revival which it recently made of "Chatterton" by Alfred de Vigny. The period of 1830 reeked with sentimentalism and the unhappy career of the talented boy poet is sketched by the Frenchman with a perfect regard for all its poignant significance and lachrymose possibilities. The play is distinctly entertaining and in spite of its verbosity has the undercurrents of direct sincerity, simple but consistent delineation of character and cumulative dramatic interest. Physically somewhat too robust, Dhurtal suggested the boyish poet and poured out his defense of the poetic life with fine fluency and enthusiasm. Dullin was most engagingly sympathetic as the gentle old Quaker and Robert Bogaert insularly realistic as the jealous time-serving John Bell. Robert Casa denoted with unctuous profundity the pomposity of Lord Beckford while Suzanne Bogaert was sweetly gentle as Kitty Bell.

"Les Frères Karamazof" was last season's popular hit. Its recent revival crowded the auditorium at every performance. The difficult task of making a play out of Dostoievsky's lengthy novel has been admirably accomplished by M. Copeau as dramatist in chief. It is a play of pulsating vitality, deep psychology and fine melodramatic intensity. Its performance is quite wonderful in its faithful preservation of atmosphere and Russian truth. Each member of the big cast distinguishes him or herself.

HENRY MILLER'S. "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans." Comedy in three acts by Laurence Eyre. Produced on February 4 with this cast:

Zephyrine	Eva Benton
Angelique	Doris Moore
Unc' Boze	Joseph Dunn
Delphine Falaise	Irene Haisman
Felix Durand	Georges Renavent
Pere Andre Clement	Frederic Burt
Nelly Daventry	Mrs. Fiske
Georges Durand	Hamilton Revelle
Melanie Cardanne	Zola Talma

WE need not despair. The American drama is in no danger yet if we get more comedies like "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans." With its quaint atmosphere and its bright lines it got over and very well at that. It brought back to New York our foremost comedienne in a very happy rôle—not the Mrs. Fiske of "George Sand" but the Mrs. Fiske of "Divorçons."

The play takes place in New Orleans. Twenty years before the action, through a misunderstanding, Mis' Nelly's engagement to Georges Durand was broken. After many years' absence in Paris, she comes back and finds her only niece to whom she acts as mother, engaged to the son of her former *fiancé*, Both sides object to the engagement blaming each other for the impossibility of the match. To that end the father of the young man has plotted with a supposed-to-be adventuress who claims to be married to the boy. Of course the lovers quarrel and Mis' Nell comes in just in time to witness it, and it reminds her of a similar quarrel twenty years before, and she sets about to make everybody happy. That she succeeds is amply demonstrated, as when the curtain comes down in the last act everybody is engaged to their former *fiancé*.

Laurence Eyre has written a comedy which at times is almost farcical, but bear in mind that we are in New Orleans at Mardi Gras time where the impossible is accepted.

Mrs. Fiske's delightful acting is a rare treat, and the little mannerisms that often marred her best efforts have almost disappeared. She is coquettish, sympathetic and altogether a very amiable old spinster. Hamilton Revelle as Georges Durand and Frederic Burt as Père Andre Clement were very good in their respective parts. Georges Renavent's training on the French stage serves him admirably in the rôle of the youth who is so much in love that nothing else matters.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "The Velvet Lady." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Victor Herbert, book by Fred Jackson, adaptation and lyrics by Henry Blossom. Produced on February 3 with this cast:

Parks	Ernest Torrence
Ottilie Howell	Marie Flynn
Susie	Georgia O'Ramey
Miss Winnacker	Eleanor Gordon
Bubbles	Minerva Coverdale
Nicholas King	Jed Prouty
Ned Pembroe	Alfred Gerrard
George Howell	Ray Raymond
Sergeant	Daniel Sullivan
Mooney	Eddie Dowling
Vera Vernon	Fay Marbe
Mrs. Pembroke	Eda Von Buelow

THE dearth of good material for musical comedies compels managers and composers to select their new vehicles among well-known plays and farces of former days. In this instance, "A Full House," Fred Jackson's success was adapted, and it has come back to us as "The Velvet Lady."

The score is far better than the comedy which lacks pep and spontaneity. Victor Herbert has written two or three melodies which are bound to become popular, among others a very good song "Life and Love," well interpreted by Ray Raymond.

Georgia O'Ramey is always comical, but her antics are more of the horseplay kind this time, her only good song being "What a Job for Me." Marie Flynn has hardly anything to do, and the same applies to Ernest Torrence. There is a good deal of lively dancing done by a well trained chorus. The scenery for the production was entirely adequate.

MOROSCO. "Cappy Ricks." Comedy in three acts dramatized from the novel of Peter B. Kyne, by Edward E. Rose. Produced on January 13 with this cast:

Alden P. Ricks	Tom Wise
John Skinner	Percival Moore
Matt Peasley	William Courtenay
Cecil Pericles Barnard,	Norval Keedwell
Gallagher	Bert West
Barvis	Elmer Ballard
Capt. Ole Peterson	Philip Lord
Mike Murphy	Thomas Shearer
Darsey	Edward H. Horner
Florence Ricks	Marion Coakley
Aunt Lucy Bartlett	Helen Lowell
Ellen Brown	Helen Mar Stewart
Betsy Grimsby	Elizabeth Parkes

THE firm of Tom Wise and William Courtenay is again united and open for business. Nearly everybody has read the "Cappy

Ricks" stories in serial form. The play offers no new situations. It is the old story of the young man in love with the daughter of his employer. The latter wants to boss everybody including all the officers on his ships. Naturally everything conspires to separate the young lovers but in the end all are satisfied.

Tom Wise is a very lovable character as Alden P. Ricks. As to William Courtenay—his manly bearing would win almost any girl's heart. Marion Coakley was a sweet and sympathetic heroine. To sum up, "Cappy Ricks" is a good evening's entertainment.

SHUBERT. "Good Morning, Judge." Book by Fred Thompson founded on Pinero's farce "The Magistrate." Music by Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot. Produced on February 6 with this cast:

Joy Chatterton	Mollie King
Hughie Cavanagh	Charles King
Katie Muirhead	Betty Pierce
Diana Fairlie	Grace Daniels
Albany Pope	Harold Crane
Mr. Burridge	Shep Camp
Millicent Meebles	Margaret Dale
Horatio Meebles	George Hassell
Colonel Bagot	Edward Martindel
Jené, a dancer,	Emilie Lea
Mr. Honeyball	Ashton Tonge

PINERO'S now somewhat creaky old farce, "The Magistrate," serves as the backbone of "Good Morning, Judge," which also comprises lyrics (such as they are), music (more or less pleasing), dancing (usually spirited), and imitations. Old timers will recall that the original play had a screamingly funny second act, wherein a judge, his "fourteen" (really nineteen) year-old stepson, a wife, her ex-suitor, and a sister-in-law are caught in a raid on a notorious hotel.

Most of the humor of "The Magstrate" has been retained in "Good Morning, Judge," and its exploitation assigned to George Hassell, who plays His Honor. His unctuous buffooneries, his elephantine antics, and his extraordinary grimaces rarely fail to point even lines that are intrinsically of the silliest. As the lad whose age has been curtailed by his widowed mother, and who is naturally, therefore, very precocious, Charles King makes an admirable foil for Mr. Hassell. Their adventures in Bohemia are richly, if never subtly, amusing.

As the boy's music teacher, with whom he falls in love against all parental orders, Mollie King dances delightfully and looks like a Nell Brinkley girl. Charles King is the boy, and the pair of them amply justify the catch-line of their most appealing song, "I am so young, and you are so beautiful." Luckily for both, the song says nothing about either of them being a singer.

LONGACRE. "Just Around the Corner." Comedy in three acts by George V. Hobart and Herbert Hall Winslow. Produced on February 5 with this cast:

Phoebe Larrimore	Marie Cahill
Deputy Joe	Wallace Owen
Henry Pickens	Roy Briant
Sally Fergerson	Clara Mackin
Harvey Wattles, Jr.	Glen Anders
Harvey Wattles, Sr.,	Wilson Reynolds
Buddy Hicks,	Lorin Baker
Billie Martin	Marie Bryar
William Ward Wilder	George MacQuarrie
Vere Jocelyn	Lulu McGuire
Mrs. Harvey Wattles	Eugenie Blair
Amos Peel	Charles Morrison
Mrs. Wiggins	Margaret Hoffman

MISS Marie Cahill is that rare artist, a *comédienne* whose buoyancy never flags and whose sense of humor balks not even at the dullest material. She could recite the Thirty-nine Articles and make them a riot. And she can sing the stupidest ballad that ever emanated from Tinpan Alley so that it becomes a source of joy. What a pity, therefore, that after her too-long absence she must be brought back to us with so inane a vehicle as "Just Around the Corner!"

This Winslow-Hobart *hick opus* tells the hackneyed tale of the rejuvenated country store, of the city crooks "going straight" in the bucolic atmosphere, and of the rich old skinflint, who owns the village, beaten at his own diabolical game. When the youthful ex-dip, a graduate of Elmira, in a desperate, but righteous cause, picks the pocket of the old curmudgeon precisely as did this juvenile's predecessor in "Turn to the Right," I must confess I develop an unlimited admiration for Messrs. Hobart and Winslow.

Of course, it is Miss Cahill who rehabilitates the country store. In so doing she gives employment to no end of shady characters, so that there are always more clerks than customers hanging around. In the second act, when the place has blossomed forth into a regular emporium (as in "The Fortune Hunter"), with a cash register, a telephone booth, and everything, Miss Cahill finds an excuse to sing—with rare skill—several captivating songs.

LONGACRE. "Ghosts." Special matinée on February 7th.

GHOSTS" long since established its permanent place in the theatre and at this late day it is unnecessary to dwell at any great length on its merits. The appeal of the drama is universal and Robert Whittier's initial matinée of a series at the Longacre Theatre crowded the playhouse. It was an exceptionally able and convincing interpretation which he and his associates gave of this almost Greek-like study of the fates exemplified in heredity. Mr. Whittier's Oswald is an admirably composed study, fluent in execution and technically, almost perfect, in the sequence of its psychological detail. I thought Maud Hildyard somewhat theatrical as his mother and Helen Freeman too consciously metropolitan as Regina; but we do not often hear the orotund platitudes of the Parson delivered with such varied elocutionary skill as Augustin Duncan brought to his task.

When I say that Wallis Clark was the best Jacob Engstrond I have ever seen I pay a sincere compliment to his artistry.

PUNCH AND JUDY. Stuart Walker's Portmanteau season, "The Golden Doom," "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior," "The Gods of the Mountain" *and* "The Very Naked Boy." Presented on February 3 with the following players:

Edgar Stehli, Leon Cunningham, Richard Farrell, Donald McClelland, Elizabeth Black, Joseph Graham, McKay Morris, George Somnes, George Gaul, Aldrich Bowker, Beatrice Maude, Lael Davis, Elizabeth Patterson, Margaret Mower, Morgan Farley, Harold Winston, Walter Geer.

A CONCERT MASTER, who made up a program consisting only of numbers by Debussy or a chef who offered a menu exclusively of *hors-d'œuvres* would hardly please his patrons. Such a mistake did Stuart Walker make in his second bill at the Portmanteau Punch and Judy Theatre, when he presented three Dunsany plays all at one clip. Each is in a measure a counterpart of the other in spirit, scene and dialogue. The similarity of the mood, however, makes for monotony, and it therefore remains simply to decide the order of their respective values. First, of course, comes "The Gods of the Mountain"—decidedly the gem of the Irish playwright's poetic output, played with fine spirit and suggestion, done by the entire company, led by George Gaul, who as the arch beggar invests the rôle with the dominant swaggering spirit of an Oriental macaire.

(Left)

Eleanor Painter as the singer who, by mental suggestion, believes she has lost her voice, and Effingham Pinto as the eccentric young pianist in the revival of Edward Locke's comedy, "The Climax"

(Below)

Eva Fallon and Walter Scanlan (extreme left) and girls singing "An Old-Fashioned Wedding" in the musical piece, "Somebody's Sweetheart" at the Central Theatre.

Photos White

SCENES IN RECENT OFFERINGS

WICKED WOMEN ON THE STAGE

The melodramatic lady only mild in her villainy compared with her sister in real life

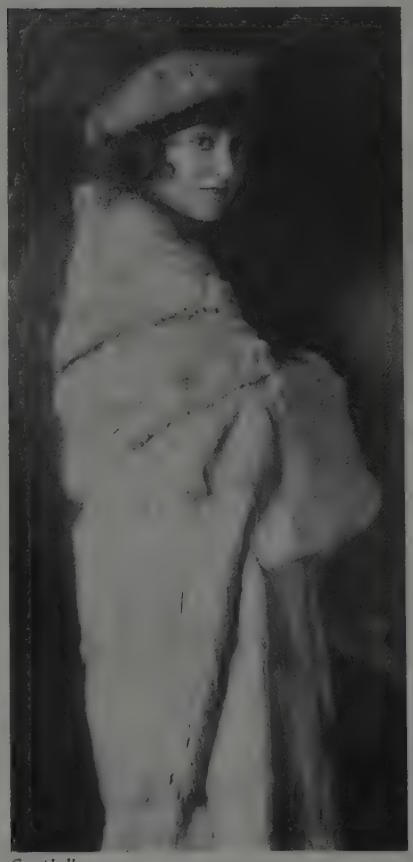
By FLORENCE REED

THE wicked woman in the play has become a tradition, that is to say, she is no longer tolerated as the Scarlet note in the colorful play. I do not know why this has happened, because the adventuress, the woman who used to delight with her villainy, is not entirely extinct in real life. If the theatre were to adapt to the stage the true wickedness of the world, it would be too unpleasant for the audiences to endure.

I am almost inclined to think that they would not believe there were such women. We have long ago left behind us the melodramatic lady, who between sibilant puffs from her cigarette, with a foreign accent that was obviously false, plotted the downfall of innocence and virtue. She was never real, she was obviously a theatrical dummy, and actresses who were compelled to interpret her, fell back upon the support of acting traditions. She was known professionally as the "heavy" woman. Her weight lay in the deep contralto of her ample chest, and in the poise and flame of her "made-up" eyes. She was so thoroughly bad that any traffic policeman would have seen through her. Heroines, and ingenues, were made to fit her extraordinary plots. She completely distorted the artistic value of plays. She ruled for a long while, because she was usually the best actress in the company.

To represent wickedness attractively, is one of the most difficult tasks on the stage, or off it. Actresses who succeeded in giving their performances of wicked allurement, an impression of charm, were fine artists.

THIS was recognized by audiences and critics, and, for the sake of a fine piece of acting, the wicked woman of the play was much applauded. Of course, there is scarcely time, nor is there the space to go into the ethics of how these dangerous women became such absorbing figures in the theatre. They were primarily, the invention of men, men who wrote plays of course, and men who had themselves been deceived. I have observed that one of the playwrights' chief prerogatives, is to expose the inner lives of other people. It is a fascinating occupation, because it puts one in the position of attack, rather than defence, and because people in the theatre, as people in the church, like to criticise each other. There are human trifles, trivial in themselves, but potent in their impulses, that can be so enlarged in dramatic form, that they become interesting. For instance, women rarely agree about each others' hats, they rarely agree about each others' husbands, and, of course, they never agree on the men. There is a fortunate dispensation of Providence in this last analysis. Men, on the other hand, seem to have simplified their tastes. A man's highest intellectual balance may be entirely overthrown by a slender ankle, and his conception of domestic happiness is something no woman can understand. She senses it, and, in a general way, applies herself to it, but in her secret heart, she finds many surprises, in its revelations. Men and women have just begun to understand each other, and the more they do, the less excuse there will be for the wicked woman of the stage. These are merely suggestions which bear upon the ethical associations that have partly banished the wicked woman from the play.



Campbell

FLORENCE REED

in "Roads of Destiny," at the Republic

However, as wickedness is as deep as a well, and as unfathomable, it all depends upon an individual point of view. Morals, like clothes, change with the fashions, or, perhaps the fashions change to adorn the morals. The tight-fitting gown on the street, seems to have entered a rivalry with the old-fashioned tights of the theatre. Many of us deplore this, of course, many of us object to their exhibition on the stage, regarding them as an unprincipled attempt to destroy modesty. I am not going to launch into any side issues of discussion, but these are elements briefly named, that have been enjoying evolution in the theatre. Before I was born, the world must have been very much more wicked than it is to-day, because I have been told that Lydia Thompson, in the scant attire of Robinson Crusoe, did not shock American society when she first appeared on the stage. On the contrary, I find by consulting my encyclopedia, that she inspired some very lively discussions, concerning whether women on the stage were as wicked as women off the stage. I assume that the general opinion of the men was in favor of Lydia Thompson, because they were not so interested in the morals of the show, as they were in the show itself. I wonder if we have really sufficiently educated the male person, to have changed his view-point?

Any woman who dares to answer this question truthfully, would run the risk of violent criticism, I am sure, so to avoid the answer, one has only to take a census of the plays now running at the theatres in New York City, to find out what it is. The word commercialism, which artists customarily treat with scorn, is really very important in the theatre. Actresses who live extravagantly, or, shall we say, expensively, have insisted upon commercial values, for their services. There has been no false modesty about the salary which makes life endurable on the stage. Stars have even been known to insist upon large salaries before they would consider the artistic quality of the work before them. Of course, stars are artistic values, at least, they themselves say so, and the managers take their chances. This despised character of commercialism which creeps into the heartless young man's character in the box-office, communicates itself very positively to the dressing-rooms on the stage. Many efforts have been made to hide this fact because it seems a rather vulgar intrusion upon the magnificence of one's emotions, but, nevertheless, it is there, and, it is of course, this commercialism, this little demon of false temptation, that has been responsible for the suggestion in this article.

IF women, in real life, were not more wicked than they are on the stage, there would not be so many of them to enjoy the wicked lady on the stage. I can't entirely blame the men for their crude tastes, because I find a great many women attend certain performances with a great deal of pleasure, and not without some profit to themselves, in certain tips they get from the artistic skill of the wicked lady in the play.

Of course, it is rather humiliating to admit these conclusions, but we are in an age of frankness, a brave period when we can look things in the face, daringly. Whatever artistic qualities may be lacking on the modern stage, daring is not one of them. Not to be daring is to be dull; not to be daring, worse still, is to be stupid. This does not mean that to be modest, is to be tiresome, but it does mean modesty must be true. Some cynical people insist that modesty is very rarely true, in which I entirely disagree. A woman can understand wickedness, she can brush against it in elbow-touch, and yet be sincerely and beautifully modest. The theatre, in its more serious way, I mean in plays that seem to convey something more than amusing outlines, has done more to establish the difference between wickedness and virtue than almost any other art. It is very rare indeed to find any author of intellectual quality, writing a play that does not have in it a theme of regeneration, a thread in that theme that justifies the entangling pattern of the plot. The unwritten stories of life, if they were told as the newspapers sometimes reveal them, would be utterly useless in

[Next month Jane Cowl will discuss the subject of "Stage Sex"]

Geisler & Andrews

Jessie Reed, Dorothy Leeds (standing), Dorothy Klewer, Martha Mansfield and Ethel Hallor—five Ziegfeld girls who appear both in the "9 o'Clock Revue" and the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam Theatre

Photos Johnston

LILLYAN TASHMAN

One of the most attractive of the beautiful girls in the "Century Midnight Whirl"

NITA NALDI

Another one of the "beauties" in the midnight revue on the roof of the Century

FRANCES PRITCHARD

In her imitation of the Yama Yama dance in the "Century Midnight Whirl"

SOME MIDNIGHT BELLES

the theatre, because, in their wickedness, they frequently lack in their fatality, the higher purposes of the play. Among themselves, authors and playwrights, are no doubt a pagan tribe, but most of them feel a certain responsibility to the world in the ultimate influence of what they write for the public. None of them are preachers, otherwise they would be writing sermons which do not belong on the stage. None of them are intentional villains, though they do write some bad plays. And none of them want to impose their cynicism for the sake of cleverness. Men like Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Galsworthy, or Ibsen, and many of the French dramatists, have contributed to modern thought valuable suggestions. They have all been daring, that is to say, they dared to challenge the immoralities of contemporaneous life. But, there was always in their challenge, a definite assurance that things would improve, if we only looked at them squarely. Even Oscar Wilde, with his brilliant sharp epigrams, only held up to ridicule, the hypocrisies of false morality. They seemed to have unanimously agreed that many women were very wicked, and many men were very weak, but that, on the whole, there was something a great deal worse about them they might have said, if they had been absolutely truthful to what they knew of their lives.

It is quite impossible to-day to interest a sophisticated audience in "Alice in Wonderland," on the stage, unless presented with an elaborate and attractive chorus, *à la* Ziegfeld. The Ziegfeld idea deserves a place by itself in the general theme which we are discussing. It is not a new idea, it is as original adaptation of the Lydia Thompson idea. Her theories were that limbs, set to music made an attractive showing. The Ziegfeld idea is not so crude as this, but like champagne, it goes to the head. Like the Lydia Thompson idea it is dissipation. No one wants to count the grains of sand running down into the dregs of the hour-glass, so we have extended our waking hours to count the bubbles in the wine glass, hence the Ziegfeld idea encroaching on the midnight hour.

The Ziegfeld beauty is an appeal in the theatre that is universal. Like caviare, the show girl is a matter of taste, it is a taste that indicates an inclination for high life. It is envied by those who have it not, and enjoyed by those who have. The Ziegfeld idea is related to the studio idea where artistic exaltation inspires late hours, and violins, and dancing and laughter and the daring masquerade of folly. The show is one of beauty, not of the beauty of Corot, but of Bougereau. It is the last word in the theatre in our century, of emotions out for a lark, of impulses untainted by feeling, made for the crowd that is tired of a restraint they cannot escape elsewhere. So it doesn't matter what the show is about, it may be a fairy story, it may be a satire, it may be a sentimental or a historical theme; that is not the point. The only thing that matters in the Ziegfeld idea is, whether the divine spark which the electrician supplies is justified when the lights are all on. Of course, that sort of divine spark is justified, it always will be so long as there is a Ziegfeld to direct it.

If we were to apply the question the editor has put to me, to the Ziegfeld idea, the answer would involve another question.

Did the theatre anticipate the show-girl appeal?

It must have done so, probably in the voluptuous lady who impersonated the dangerous elements of melodrama. The old-fashioned "heavy" woman has been replaced by the ravishing beauty of the show-girl in the theatre, with less dramatic effort, but with unselfish devotion to public approval. She is at the zenith of her career; scenery, lights, silks, velvets, diamonds, the wealth of the ages are sought in which to adorn her on the stage. She is the queen of the theatre, democracy arrayed in disarray. She has her place among us whether she can act or not, and even if she could, it would be a pity, because there are so many who can, and so few who can take her place. We must keep the show-girl in our theatres because so long as the stage lasts, the Ziegfeld idea will always be in perfect form.

But the flesh and blood of which men and women are made, must be nourished on something more substantial than French pastry, or pie *a la mode*. We are living, we men and women, upon the vital forces, not upon the intellectual forces, and it is no use trying to adapt ourselves to fairy tales.

In the character of the girl in "The Yellow Ticket," the tragedy of her soul was the offence to her modesty. She was the victim of outrageous immorality, and the sympathy the actress had to have with the part, was her savage battle against odds to preserve the purity of her soul. Now, that was not the story of a wicked woman on the stage, it was the story of a woman who was the victim of wickedness. With the perversity of the theatre to cling to the sensational character of wickedness, however, it was said that the success of "The Yellow Ticket" as a play was due to its suggestion of helpless innocence.

In the character of the slave girl, in "Chu Chin Chow," some people insisted that she was a woman without morals, that she was a wicked woman. This was entirely false to the dramatic value of the character. In the period in which the story took place, the world had not progressed to a state of moral analysis. The slave girl was a part of the flesh and blood of the Oriental morals of her time. She would be called primitive by those who moralize, but she might also be called magnificently pure in morals, from the standpoint of her own love story. Circumstances alter cases, and the morals of our lives are equally altered by circumstances. For love, all things may be excused, and in daring plays, all things are excused. And, furthermore, the excuses are very acceptable to the audiences, those men and women assembled in conventional restraint on the other side of the footlights, in whom the tragedy of the play finds an echo from their own experiences. There may not be such a wide difference between the woman in *décolletté* evening dress in the stage-box, and the slave girl in "Chu Chin Chow," if they were to meet identical issues in their emotions. The girl on the stage simply appeals more daringly to the imagination than the lady in evening gown in the stage-box, but their emotions are in accord, and the gentleman in evening dress who has escorted her to the theatre, finds the qualities of the slave girl possible in the emotions of the lady in the box with him.

Love levels all wickedness, just as it levels all purity, and the real tangles of real life are less certain of ultimate spirituality, than the tangle of the play on the stage. There are no wicked women on the stage who can be as wicked as the women off the stage. It is not done, it is not allowed, it is not possible within the scope of artistic expression in the theatre.

THEATRE THOUGHTS

By HAROLD SETON

Nora Bayes is full of magnetism. And it is not the "malicious animal" kind, either!

Maude Adams is so sweet that she does not need any sugar in her tea or coffee.

Bert Williams uses a stick of licorice instead of greasepaint.

Clare Kummer is said to be the medium through which the ghost of Clyde Fitch writes plays.

It is a pleasure to see Pavlowa perform a Russian revolution.

Charlie Chaplin is always greeted with two rounds of applause, one for each foot.

John Drew ought to write a book of his recollections of Augustin Daly, Edwin Booth, and David Garrick.

Mary Pickford is shy because she suffers from "an embarrassment of riches."

David Belasco's favorite odor is greasepaint.

Mrs. Brown Potter started as an amateur, and ended in the same way.

Theda Bara is very good in bad parts.

Answer to correspondent:—You are mistaken. Mrs. Leslie Carter does not manufacture Little Liver Pills. She was a favorite of a former generation.

Grace George collars all the good actors for her stock-company.

Wilton Lackaye is an actor of the old school. Booth and Barrett were the old schoolmasters.

Eva Tanguay was born during a cyclone, and was baptized in a geyser.

As a young man, James K. Hackett started swashbuckling down to business.

Al Jolson may be counted upon to give a burned-corking performance.

Mrs. Leslie Carter stepped into the shoes of Fanny Davenport, and now Mary Nash has stepped into the shoes of Mrs. Leslie Carter. But she has had them re-soled.

Annette Kellermann is "clothed in a little brief authority."

It is rumored that Effie Shannon is her own daughter.

Douglas Fairbanks is reported to be suffering from St. Vitus' dance.

DeWolf Hopper buys his wedding-rings at wholesale price.

The Lambs Club has devoted its spare time recently to the entertainment of returned soldiers. The Lambs provide both the food and the amusement, and serve the former themselves. Here they are wearing the club's latest badge of honor, the apron: (Standing, left to right) King Bagott, Frank Case, Morgan Cowan, Will Deming, Arthur Hurley, Edward H. Robins, Rapley Holmes, Thomas A. Wise, Herbert Corthell, Frank McIntyre; (sitting, left to right) John J. McGraw, DeWolf Hopper, Gene Buck, William Collier and William Courtenay

White

THE LAMBS CLUB IN WAR WORK UNIFORM

Lewis-Smith

Laurette Taylor and Lynn Fontanne in the Harlequinade costumes in which they appeared at the Victory Ball at Palmer House, Chicago, recently

THE SANTLEYS

Partners on the stage and in real life are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Santley, who are playing leads in "Oh, My Dear!" at the Princess. Ivy Sawyer (Mrs. Santley) is a graceful dancer on the stage, and a proud mother off

Charlotte Fairchild

THE ARGONNE PLAYERS

The dramatic and musical entertainers of the 77th Division, A. E. F., comprising twenty-seven players, many of whom are professionals, have met with considerable success abroad. Lieut. Diefendorf is in charge of the company, and their latest offering is "The Amex Revue of 1918," the cast including Percy Hilton Michel, Stuart Sage, Rollins Grimes, Jr., Jack Waldron, Harry Cahill, Morton Pincus, the Camp Upton Four, etc.

WHAT THEY DO WHEN OFF THE STAGE

STAGE DEVICES

Spectacular resources sorely limited in Shakespeare's day, but the Bard availed himself of them to the utmost

PART II.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS
Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University.

COMPLAINT is occasionally made, and often with justice, that our managers have recently over-decorated their revivals of Shakepeare's plays, sometimes even obscuring the dramatic force of a tragedy in certain of its episodes by the distracting trappings with which the plays were encumbered. Yet if we study the whole series of Shakespeare's comedies, tragedies and histories, we cannot escape the conclusion that he had no dislike for decoration and that he seized every opportunity to provide spectacle.

His stage was bare of scenery; and it was diminished in its available area by the throng of gallants who sat along its sides smoking their long pipes. To a twentieth century producer the spectacular resources of Shakespeare's playhouse would seem to be sorely restricted; but such as they were Shakespeare availed himself of them to the utmost. He was lavish with duels and battles and sieges, set off with trumpet-calls and cannon-shots; and he was liberal with processions and with trials in court. In "Lear" he had three terrific storms in swift succession; and in the "Tempest" he had half-a-dozen magical transformations not unlike those we associate with the old-fashioned fairy-play.

In the Elizabethan theatre, the stage was roofed and so were the galleries which ran around the other three sides; but the yard was open to the sky, exposing the groundlings to the frequent rain and letting in all the light necessary for the performance.

HOW was it then that the stage-manager was able to suggest the darkness of night, in Juliet's garden and in Macbeth's castle? This question has been the cause of a plentiful waste of ink on the part of those commentators who fail to understand the simplicity of the Elizabethan playhouse and to appreciate the child-like willingness of Elizabethan audiences to "make-believe." We have even been told that the windows of the theatre were darkened whenever the scene was supposed to take place at night; and this grotesque suggestion is characteristic of the crass absurdity of a great deal of Shakespearean criticism. When the stage was flooded with the effulgence of a westering sun, curtains hung before the windows would produce no sensible diminution of the light; and when the eyes of the spectators were focused on the stage they would not perceive the obscuring of the openings in the walls behind them. The valid explanation is very simple; the audience accepted the word of the dramatist; and if he asserted that the stage was shrouded in midnight blackness, they never cavilled, just as they were satisfied when "three back-swords eked a battle out" or when a "rolled bullet" served to suggest the deep grumbling of thunder.

It is an interesting matter for speculation what Shakespeare would think if he could visit this changed world of ours and see for himself the many alterations in the methods of the theatre. As he was a modest man, he would be astonished at the immensity of his reputation; and as he was a man with an abiding sense of humor he would glance at the lucubrations of his commentators with a disrespectful smile. But in the playhouse itself he would find himself at home; and it may be doubted whether he would feel any impulse to protest against the lavishness with which his plays have recently been mounted. He would see instantly that this lavishness increased the attractiveness of his plays to the main body of the play-going public—and it was to this main body of the play-going public that he had always addressed himself.

HE had a keen eye to the main chance; he was a thrifty person with money out at interest; and he would understand easily and appreciate readily the changed conditions of theatrical performance. Probably nothing would astonish him more or seem to him more inexplicable, than the electric light, available anywhere and everywhere; and possibly he would be frank in expressing his regret that he had been denied the privilege of using it.

The electric light is a late nineteenth century improvement in the playhouse; and Shakespeare, although he is for all time and therefore on occasion surprisingly modern in his utterances, was not and could not be modern in his methods, since his bare stage had a host of resemblances to the platform of the players of mysteries and moralities in the Middle Ages. Molière is really the earliest of the moderns; and although Calderon actually survived Molière the Spanish theatre for which he composed his lyric melodramas was quite as medieval in its methods as the English theatre in Shakespeare's day. And even if Molière is indisputably a modern he is only the earliest of the moderns. He wrote for a playhouse which was roofed and for a stage dimly illuminated by a pair of chandeliers containing a dozen candles each—chandeliers that hung over the edge of the stage and that had to be lowered at intervals during the performance so that the candles might be snuffed.

Molière's playhouse might be roofed and his stage might be lighted more or less; but otherwise this stage was almost as Shakespeare's and like Shakespeare's, it was cluttered at the sides by seats for the men about town, whose presence sadly restricted the area available for the actors. All the acting had to be done well down in front, beneath the chandeliers and between the seated spectators on the right and left of the stage, so there was no room for any furniture, for tables or chairs or sofas.

IN all Molière's plays as in all Shakespeare's all the characters had to stand all the time—that is to say, nobody ever sat down unless the action of the play demanded it. On these rare occasions it is probable that the needed furniture was brought on just before it had to be used.

The seated spectators usurped a large share of the stage in the Théâtre Français for more than a hundred years after Molière's death, whereas the English stage got rid of them a little earlier. Very possibly it was in some measure due to this disencumbering of the stage that English tragedy was more spectacular than French and that it more often called in the aid of the scene-painter and of the stage-carpenter. At any rate there seems to be pretty good reason for believing "grooves" to sustain "wings" and "flats" were first used by Inigo Jones; and that their use spread from England to the continent. There were from three to five sets of these grooves, depending on the depth of the stage; they were all masked above by "borders"; and they were all available either for "wings" or "flats." When the "flats" were run on in the grooves nearest to the footlights, the scene was said to be "set in one," and when it was said to be "set in five" the four other grooves were used to support four pairs of wings. If the scene was outdoors then the wings were "tree wings" and the borders were "sky-borders"——strips of cloth painted a light blue.

Since the invention of the "box-set" (about the middle of the nineteenth century) "grooves" survive only in the vaudeville houses and in the toy-theatres which delighted us in our childhood. It was an advantage of the earlier system of sliding flats now in "one" and now in "three" that the playwright could shift his scene as often as he saw fit, perhaps even half-a-dozen times in the course of a single act; but it was a disadvantage that an interior, a library, for example, had no walls or windows or doors, except such as might be painted on the wings, ranged one behind the other parallel with the footlights and permitting the characters to enter at any "entrance."

TO those who were used to this convention there was nothing incongruous in this walking in of the persons of the play through the walls, or at least through where the walls ought to have been.

The "box-set" now familiar to us all, enables us to have a room with its walls and its ceiling, its doors and its windows, its furniture, its pictures and its hangings. It differs from a real room in a real house only in the absence of the wall, which if present would prevent the spectators from seeing the stage. It was probably first employed in France but it was so obvious and so necessary an improvement that it was speedily transplanted to England. It may be only a coincidence, but there seems to be significance in the fact that the box-set was not devised until after the introduction of gas made it possible to light the stage more satisfactorily than ever before. The English stage had had footlights in the seventeenth century, when they were probably candles with tin reflectors behind them. In the eighteenth century oil lamps had been substituted for candles; and in many theatres these lamps were fastened to a long board which was called the "float" and which could be lowered beneath the stage during the inter-

HELEN CLARKE

Two-thirds of her four years on the stage this graceful young dancer has spent at the Princess Theatre. New Yorkers first admired her in "Nobody Home." Later her dancing was a feature of "Love o' Mike," and now in "Oh, My Dear!" she sings, dances and acts, too!

Photos Abbe

MIRIAM COLLINS

Although Miss Collins has been on the stage since her thirteenth year, her rôle as *Pickles* in "Oh, My Dear!" marks her début in musical comedy. Previously she had been William Hodge's leading lady for two years

JULIETTE DAY

The original baby vampire in "Upstairs and Down," and the creator of Modesty in "Everywoman," is now showing her aptitude for the musical comedy field at the Princess in "Oh, My Dear!"

"OH, MY DEAR!" WHAT PRETTY GIRLS

missions so that the wicks might be trimmed. And now in the twentieth century there is a movement to do away with the footlights, which necessarily illumine the faces of the actors from below, whereas light naturally comes from above. By the aid of "spot-lights" and of "baby-spots" it is possible to provide an illumination which does not come from one direction only but which is more or less diffused, as the sunlight is. As a result the stage looks less stagy.

There is no denying that the latter-day dramatist is far less devoted to mechanical devices than his predecessors were a half century ago. His interest is now far more centered in what his characters are, in what they feel and in what they think, than in what they do. In other words the drama is moving away from melodrama, which it is abandoning to the "movies," Sensational scenes, such as gripped our grandfathers sixty years ago, have been banished from the better sort of theatre, in which they used to be welcome; they seem to us too violent, too artificial and too obviously mechanical. The device of the rising tower in "Arrah-na-Pogue," so ingeniously novel and the kindred device of the turning tower in "The Shaughraun," also ingenious in its novelty, would seem to most of us to-day more or less out of place in the playhouse and at home only in the moving picture palace. Perhaps if the inventor of these two spectacular effects, Dion Boucicault, were alive to-day he might be composing clever comedies closely modeled on the realities of life and wholly without any surplusage of mechanical effect, or (what is perhaps more probable), he might be making a fortune as the director of a moving-picture studio, where his gift of invention and still larger faculty of adaptation, would be most profitably employed.

WHO'S WHO ON BROADWAY

Effingham Pinto

DON EFFINGHAM AMORE DE CORDOVA Y PINTO, whom we call familiarly Effingham Pinto, just like that, has the distinction of coming back to where he started from, and making good all over again.

Distinguished with the most imposing name any mere New Yorker could have, he graduated from Yale with a reputation for being one of the best "actresses" New Haven ever produced, for like Julian Eltinge, Mr. Pinto had his first taste of stage success as the leading lady in his college shows.

From Yale, he decided to turn to the theatre in earnest, and betook himself to the Academy of Dramatic Arts in Carnegie Hall, to learn to be an actor after he knew how to be an actress.

His first part after he graduated from the Academy was Pietro Golfanti the young Italian composer in Joe Weber's original production of "The Climax"—by the way one of the first Hoover-ized, or small-cast plays. Mr. Pinto's serious sincerity, his Latin appearance, and his quite remarkable talent at the piano, made him an instant success.

Now, after a dozen years, he is playing Pietro on Broadway again, in a revival of "The Climax" with Eleanor Painter as the star. In the meantime he has had half a dozen good rôles, but none as telling as the young composer. He has played with Henry Miller in Ruth Chatterton's first success, "The Rainbow" and in a wide variety of parts ranging from "Diplomacy" to "Baby Mine."

Vera Gordon

VERA GORDON'S name would have been familiar long ago if her personal success had been part of a successful play, but now for the third time in a year, Miss Gordon has given splendid performances in productions that have failed.

She was a favorite for years at the Yiddish Theatre that often draws Broadwayites down to the Bowery, and her first part up-town was as Florence Nash's Russian mother in "The Land of the Free."

Miss Nash struggled with Russian tongue-twistings for a whole summer to be able to play her leavetaking from Miss Gordon and home in Russian, and it was in this first scene that Vera Gordon's emotional art made an indelible impression.

Later in the play she lapsed into New Yorkese, but it was the prologue in Odessa that gave "The Land of the Free" the short success it had. When it closed, Vera Gordon disappeared until the part of Fanny Brice's mother in "Why Worry?" gave her the chance to create the portrait of a modern Jewish mother, just the opposite of her part with Florence Nash.

But "Why Worry?" failed too, and it was several months before Arthur Hopkins's production of "The Gentile Wife" gave Miss Gordon another opportunity. The play, with Emily Stevens as the wife, was hailed hopefully by the critics, and Miss Gordon's performance was pointed out again as a work of art, but the play failed to draw and within a month "The Gentile Wife" was treading the well-worn path to Cain's storehouse.

Russ Whytal

BESIDES John Barrymore, "Redemption" has such a wealth of fine actors that it's only now we are beginning to realize the artistry in every part. Russ Whytal, who brings such fine distinction to the part of Prince Sergei, the gentle old aristocrat, has given a lifetime of service to the stage.

Twenty-five years ago he came to New York from Boston with a repertoire of his own plays, which he used for years on tour besides, for it was 1907 before he came back to Broadway as Judge Prentice in "The Witching Hour."

Three years later came the wonderful part of old Luigi Golfanti, the music teacher, in "The Climax," here and in London. Back home again, Mr. Whytal played in "The Great Name," "The Pigeon," and in vaudeville.

The ripeness that only comes from a long career shows in every gesture of his Prince Sergei. That is why an experienced actor needn't worry even if he has been forgotten and must come back to make good all over again. Like Mr. Whytal, he has the art and power to make even a small part important, and doesn't have to depend on passing popularity.

H. Cooper Cliffe

H. COOPER CLIFFE, most famous, perhaps, for his Nobody in "Everywoman," is now one of the leaders of the spook crusade in "The Invisible Foe," for the stage, as you know, is being haunted by ghosts this year. England is absorbed in spirit-cults, and we are being drawn into them ourselves.

Mr. Cliffe is part of the net-work of the Kemble family that has given so many talented players to the stage. His uncle was Frank Kemble Cooper, and his cousin, Violet Kemble Cooper, is the Lady Caroline of "Dear Brutus."

Mr. Cliffe's career would take a long column of small type. Like so many others, he began in the "Pinafore" training school in the English provinces, and, what's more, in the chorus.

Then for thirteen years he was a fixture of the London stage, beginning in "Claude Duval" and going through the "Silver King" and "The Lights o' London" all the way to "Hamlet."

After that, he came to America with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and when their season was over played a few engagements before going back to London, where he stayed with Sir Herbert Tree for three years in a repertoire that went from "Cymbeline" to "Madame Sans-Gene."

He was with Forbes-Robertson for a while before becoming a star in Manchester, where he played Shylock, Wolsey, and the other great parts. Then he toured the United States with Willard, and went to London again to play with Nat Goodwin.

He came back to New York, and played in everything that came along from "The Squaw Man" to "Othello." Then, eight years ago, he first appeared as Nobody in "Everywoman," one of the most unusual parts ever written.

There are mighty few actors to-day with a background like Mr. Cliffe's, instead of being known as Nobody we ought to think of him as Somebody, instead!

Walter Jones

ALTHOUGH farce seems the most harum-scarum and giddy medium an actor can use, it really takes a defter touch and more facile technique than the big-scene dramas or sugar-plum comedies. So when such a clever farceur as Walter Jones is away long enough to be in the come-back list, it seems a pity.

You surely remember Mr. Jones as the harassed Jimmy Jinks in "Baby Mine," for no actor of his type could have had a better part. Walter Jones holds the heavyweight door-slamming contest of the American stage, because he thrives in those settings with half a dozen doors keeping half a dozen pretty ladies apart.

Now he is with Hazel Dawn in "Up in Mabel's Room." Since "Baby Mine" his farces have been unfortunate, and even he who ran didn't reach the theatre in time to see them. But before Jimmy Jinks he had a long line of misunderstood gentlemen stretching way back to a vague vaudeville beginning.

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

OLIVE THOMAS

A Ziegfeld Beauty, A Film Star, and the Wife of Jack Pickford

SHAKESPEARE MADE SMART

Women of fashion now reverent pilgrims to the Plymouth Theatre special matinees

By ADA PATTERSON

SHAKESPEARE has been made smart. The Bard has become fashionable. It is the smart thing to-day to go to the Plymouth Theatre at half-past ten on Saturday morning, as it is to attend an eleven o'clock musicale at the Waldorf-Astoria, or an Isadora Duncan dance festival at the Metropolitan Opera House, or a sale of Thomas Clarke's early American artists, crowded out of his luxurious home by lack of house space.

Fashion is a magic worker. Folk have been drawn to Shakespearean productions by the power of the Marlowe-Sothern names and the guarantee those names afforded of a painstaking and often brilliant performance. They have enlarged Robert Mantell's audiences because someone in the family had not yet seen him. So long and faithfully has Mr. Mantell served the American stage that he is established as one of its respected institutions. Despite calumnies spoken and published about the American playgoer he is not without reverence.

But make something fashionable and all obstacles will be removed. When Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Clarence Mackay announced their conversion to woman suffrage, equal franchise received an incalculable impetus. It became smart to be a suffragette. And New York gave the ballot to women. Society has now taken up Shakespeare. You are no longer smart unless you have checked your umbrella and rubber shoes in the Plymouth Theatre before a performance of "Hamlet" or "As You Like It."

Fashion is like electricity, unanalyzable. And potent. When the Shakespeare Playhouse came into being last year, its performances drew small audiences of intellectuals. Audiences applauded. Critics praised. But neither of these make the fashion. They may bring about popularity. But not the mode. There is a distinction, fine but certain.

After two or three performances word flew on mysterious wings that the matinées of the Shakespeare Playhouse were not only artistic, not only representative of the best of stage talent. This was much but not enough. There the smart set was being seen. College professors, long-haired, earnest-faced, from their class rooms and eager artists from their studios, might drop from a street car on the corner and walk to the theatre that happened to house the Shakespeare Playhouse. They had no great influence with the populace. But when gossip asserted in her sprightly fashion, "They're really smart affairs, my dear. You can't afford not to be seen there," the auditorium was filled. Treasurers, surprised and gratified, said: "We are so sorry we are sold out. But if you could come week after next?" Of course they could and did.

That is a reason why you see limousines turning into Forty-fifth Street while most of theatricaldom is enjoying the flush of its first slumber, on Saturday mornings. It is the cogent reason why ermine cloaks and gouraud feathers block the portals on Friday afternoons. Because of it the fortnight of commemorative Shakespeare matinées in April will be among the things "you really must not miss."

I am not underrating the excellence of the achievement of the Shakespeare Playhouse and its earnest projectors, the members of the flexible, unofficered Shakespeare Society. It has discovered for us a Hamlet as welcome, as unexpected, Walter Hampden. It has revealed to us the classic and romantic potentialities of other players, forgotten or not before demonstrated. It has been permitted us to hear and see Shakespeare untediously performed.

The Shakespeare movement will celebrate during the April fortnight not only Shakespeare's glory but its own. For the movement has grown faster and more healthfully than its father expected. Its pioneer paternal parent is Frank McEntee. He is one of a trio of University of Toronto alumni who have achieved fame, the others being Arthur Stringer, a poet novelist, and the husband of Jobyna Howland, and Harvey J. O'Higgins, a novelist and playwright. Frank McEntee put on in Toronto a startlingly beautiful production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra playing Mendelssohn music. Ben Greet, recognizing beauty and reverence in the spirit of the production, engaged the young collegian for his associate director and finally as his general director. By playing many of the rôles with the Greet players, Mr. McEntee qualified to help still the crying need of the American stage, the actor-manager. Subsequently he joined Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, upholding their ideals as he had Mr. Greet's and his own.

Mr. McEntee's accomplished plan for the Shakespeare Playhouse was to pass along the torch. The purpose in his soul is to prevent the oft-feared and menaced death of Shakespeare on the world's stage. He has defined the Shakespeare Playhouse as "a permanent institution which aims to secure for the masterpieces of the drama the highest possible interpretations by the best artists; a fresh and original conception of the text; and by the use of simplicity and imaginative artistry in costumes and settings, to strip the production of all that is obsolete and merely traditional and get to the soul of the play." He has said, "The policy of the Shakespeare Playhouse is brilliant interpretation that can only be secured by brilliant players." He has epitomized his aim: "The Shakespeare Playhouse is not a place of habitation. It is a dream of the American stage that a little group of lovers of Shakespeare and the fine art of acting are trying to make come true."

Further he declares his *credo:* "It is Shakespeare that the actors of the largest gifts love best to play. Shakespeare is the measure of the acting art. Shakespeare worthily interpreted is essential to the best things of the theatre and to the measuring up of the whole spirit of the drama in any season and any place."

The Shakespeare Playhouse was inaugurated last season. John Cort was its first host, Arthur Hopkins its second, at their theatres, the Cort and the Plymouth. Its productions included "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Hamlet." "Hamlet" was so substantially welcomed that its twice-a-week appearances have been indefinitely extended. "As You Like It," with Estelle Winwood as Rosalind awaits a diminshing of Hamlet's popularity.

Among those players who gave distinguished performances in the productions, and are ready to give those whose excellence is guaranteed by experience, were Edith Wynne Matthison, Alma Kruger, Gilda Varesi, Helen Ware, Henrietta Crosman, Mary Hall, Mabel Moore, Beatrice Terry, Ruth Vivian, Cathleen Nesbitt, Howard Kyle, Pedro de Cordoba, Albert Bruning, Tyrone Power, Cyril Keightley, George Gaul, Henry Herbert, Charles A. Stevenson, Leonard Mudie, Charles Webster, J. Harry Irvine, Maxwell Ryder, Percy Vivian, Allen Thomas, Ernest Glendinning, Conrad Nagel and Henry Stanford.

It is planned as the feature of Shakespeare's Day—his birth and death day, April 23—to present "Hamlet" in full for the first time in New York. Six characters not used in the modern stage versions will appear. There will be more scenes than are usually presented. The production will include a soliloquy asserted by many scholars to be superior to the "To be or not to be," which has been deleted from all known stage versions of the play. The play will be given as was "Parsifal"—in two parts, with an intermission for luncheon. For even the reverent cult owns to the possession of stomachs. The smart set must have its sweetbreads and soufflés. Walter Hampden will be the Hamlet.

In what remains of this season "Twelfth Night" and "Romeo and Juliet" will be added to the repertoire. "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth" will be revived when it is deemed expedient.

Scholars and artists are passing on the Shakespearean torch. A by-product that has surprised themselves is the smartening of Shakespeare.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

March 4—Channing Pollock.
Maude Fealey.
March 7—R. D. MacLean.
March 9—Eddie Foy.
March 12—Mrs. Whiffen.
March 15—Lee Shubert.
March 16—Walker Whiteside.
Elsie Janis.
Percy Mackaye.
March 18—Rose Coghlan.
March 20—Amelia Bingham.
March 21—Florenz Ziegfeld Jr.
Sam B. Hardy.
March 23—Thomas A. Wise.
March 30—DeWolf Hopper.

Lael Davis and Beatrice Maude in Cale Young Rice's one-act play, "A Night in Avignon"

Photo Mary Dale Clarke

White

Leon Cunningham, George Gaul, McKay Morris and Margaret Mower, in Stuart Walker's production of Lord Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods," recently at the Punch and Judy

STUART WALKER'S PORTMANTEAU SEASON OPENS WITH PICTURESQUE PLAYS

THE LAND THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Forest scene in "Dear Brutus" the most delightful feature of Barrie's new play

ONE of the most charming scenes in Barrie's play "Dear Brutus" at the Empire Theatre, comes in Act II. when Mr. Lob's guests enter the enchanted wood, and taste for the moment of "the life that might have been." Dearth, the childless artist, meets in the forest the daughter he might have had. Dearth is at work at his easel, while Margaret, a young girl of seventeen, in short green skirt and soft green cap, throws beechnuts about.

DEARTH: I oughtn't to have brought you out so late. You should be tucked up in your cozy bed at home.

MARGARET: And the sheet over my face.

DEARTH: Where it oughtn't be.

MARGARET: And Daddy tiptoeing in to take it off.

DEARTH: Which is more than you deserve.

MARGARET: And then saying to himself—"Yes, yes, she's sound!" and tiptoeing to the door again. (*Coming in front of easel.*)

DEARTH (*he waves her back*): Thankful to be done with her for the evening.

MARGARET: Then why does he stand so long at the door? And before he's gone she bursts out laughing, for she has been awake all the time.

DEARTH: That's about it. What a life!

MARGARET (*sitting*): Daddy, what is a "might-have-been?"

DEARTH: A might-have-been? They're ghosts, Margaret! I dare say I "might-have-been" a great swell of a painter, instead of this uncommonly happy nobody—or again, I might have been a worthless idle waster of a fellow.

MARGARET (*incredulous*): You!

DEARTH: Who knows? Some little kink in me might have set me off on the wrong road. And that poor soul I might so easily have been might have had no Margaret. I'm sorry for *him*.

MARGARET: Oh, so am I! The poor old Daddy, wandering about the world without me.

DEARTH: And there are other "might-have-beens"—lovely ones, but intangible. *Shades*, Margaret, made of sad folks' thoughts.

MARGARET (*gaily*): I'm so glad I'm not a shade. How awful it would be, Daddy, to wake up and find one wasn't alive, Dad! I think men need daughters.

DEARTH: They do.

MARGARET: Especially artists.

DEARTH: Especially artists.

MARGARET: Especially artists?

DEARTH: Especially artists.

MARGARET: Fame is not everything.

DEARTH: Fame is rot! Daughters are the thing!

MARGARET: Daughters are the thing.

DEARTH: Daughters are the thing.

MARGARET: Daughters are the thing. I wonder if sons would be even nicer?

DEARTH: Not a patch on daughters. The awful thing about a son is that never, never—at least, from the day he goes to school—can you tell him that you rather like him. By the time he's ten you can't even take him on your knee. Sons are not worth having, Margaret. Signed. W. Dearth.

MARGARET: But if you were a Mother, Dad, I dare say he would let you do it. And then when he was gigantically big, it would be rather lovely to have *him* do it to you. Sons are not so bad. Signed M. Dearth. But I'm glad you prefer daughters. (*Coming to him on her knees.*) At what age are we nicest, Daddy?

DEARTH (*jocular and tender at the same time*): That's a poser. I think you were nicest when you were two and knew your alphabet up to G. but fell over at H. No, you were best when you were half past three—or just before you struck six—or in the mumps years, when I asked you in the early morning how you were and you said solemnly, "I haven't tried yet." I'm not sure that chicken-pox doesn't beat mumps. Oh, Lord! I'm all wrong. The nicest time in a father's life is *now*, the year before she puts up her hair. (*Rises.*)

MARGARET (*thoughtfully*): I suppose that *is* a splendid time for fathers. But there's a nicer year coming to you, Daddy, the year she *does* put up her hair.

DEARTH: Suddenly puts it up for ever? You know, I'm afraid that when the day for that comes I won't be able to stand it. It will be too exciting. My poor heart, Margaret.

MARGARET: No, no, it will be *lucky* you, for it isn't to be a bit like that. I'm to be a girl and woman day about, for the first year. You'll never know which I am till you look at my hair. And even then you won't know, for if it's down I'll put it up, and if it's up I'll put it down. (*Importantly.*) And so my daddy will gradually get used to the idea. (*Gravely*) Daddy, now you are thinking about—about my being in love some day. (*He nods.*) I won't, you know, no, never! Oh, I've quite decided. So don't be afraid. (*At back of him—whispers*) Will you hate him at first, Daddy?

DEARTH: Whom?

© *Charles Frohman, Inc.*

Grant Stewart as Mr. Coade, Helen Hayes as Margaret, and William Gillette as Mr. Dearth in "Dear Brutus"

MARGARET: Well, if there was!

DEARTH: If there was what, darling?

MARGARET: You know the kind of thing I mean, quite well. Would you hate him at first?

DEARTH: I hope not. I should want to strangle him, but I wouldn't hate him.

MARGARET: *I* would. That is to say, if I liked him.

DEARTH: If you liked him how could you hate him?

MARGARET: For daring.

DEARTH: Daring what?

MARGARET: You know! (*Sighing half humorously.*) But of course *I* shall have no say in the matter.

DEARTH: Why?

MARGARET (*reproachfully*): *You* will do it all. You do everything for me.

DEARTH (*with a groan*): I can't help it.

MARGARET: You will even write my love-letters, if I ever have any to write—which I won't.

DEARTH (*properly alarmed*): Surely to goodness, I'll leave you alone to do that!

MARGARET: Not you. You'll try to, but you won't be able. *You* think I'm pretty, don't you Dad, whatever other people say? (*Sits by him.*)

DEARTH: Well enough.

MARGARET: I *know* I have nice ears.

DEARTH: They are all right now, but I had to work on them for months.

MARGARET: You don't mean to say that you did my ears?

DEARTH: Rather!

MARGARET (*entreating*): My dimple's my own, isn't it?

DEARTH: I'm glad you think so. I wore out the point of my little finger over that dimple.

MARGARET: Even my dimple? Have I anything that's really mine? A bit of my nose or anything?

DEARTH (*sighing*): When you were a babe, you had a laugh that was all your own.

MARGARET: Haven't I it now?

DEARTH: It's gone. (*He is a good deal moved. Rises, up stage—sadly.*) I'll tell you how it went. We were fishing in a stream—that is to say, I was wading and you were sitting on my shoulders doing the fishing. We didn't catch anything. Somehow or another—I can't think how I did it—you irritated me, and I answered you sharply. (*He shudders.*)

MARGARET (*who is on the ground again*): I can't believe that.

DEARTH: Yes I did. I gave you a shock, and, for the moment, the world no longer seemed a safe place for you. Your faith in me had always made it safe till then. You were suddenly not even sure of your bread and butter, and a frightened tear came to your eyes. I was in a nice state, I can tell you.

MARGARET: But what has that to do with my laugh, Daddy?

DEARTH: The laugh that children are born with lasts so long as they have perfect faith. To think that it was I who robbed you of yours. I expect I am not the only parent in that plight, though they may not remember the doing of it.

MARGARET: Don't dear. I'm sure the laugh just went off with the tear to comfort it, and they have been playing about that stream ever since. They have quite forgotten us, so why should we remember them? Cheeky little beasts! Shall I tell you my farthest back recollection? (*He nods.*) (*She speaks in some awe.*) I remember the first time

Photos White

CHRISTINE NORMAN AS GRACE, JANE COWL AS PEGGY, IN ACT I OF "THE CROWDED HOUR"

Grace Laidlaw, the wife, confronts Peggy Lawrence, the other woman, and demands that she give up her husband. Grace claims that he is hers by right of marriage. Peggy argues that she has lost him through lack of understanding and sympathy, and he is now hers by right of love

(Below)

JANET BEECHER AS LAURA BRUCE, GAIL KANE AS EDNA CRANE, IN ACT III OF "THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13"

Edna tells Laura that if she gives her (Edna) up as the woman in room 13, she will denounce Laura's husband as the murderer

THE WOMEN IN THE CASE IN TWO PLAYS

I saw the stars. (*He nods again—goes up.*) I had never seen *night*, and then I saw *it*, and the *stars*, together. Crack in my eye, Tommy!! —not every one can boast of such a lovely recollection for their earliest.

DEARTH: I was determined your earliest should be a good one.

MARGARET: Do you mean to say *you* planned it?

DEARTH: Rather! Most people's earliest recollection is of some trivial thing; how they cut their finger, or lost a piece of string. I was resolved my Margaret's should be something bigger. I was poor, but I could give her the stars.

(*They get things ready, he is whistling gaily.*) Hullo! (*He sees something strange. Part of a house has imperceptibly appeared in the background.*) I hadn't noticed there was a house there!

MARGARET (*agitated*): Nor I! Daddy, I feel sure there wasn't a house there. . . . Let's get out of the wood. (*Almost hysterical.*) Don't go into that house, Daddy. I'm afraid of it. I don't know why, but I'm afraid of that house.

DEARTH: There's a kiss for each moment till I come back.

MARGARET: Daddy, don't go!

DEARTH: Margaret! (*He indicates to her to stand at tree like a naughty child, then he makes a face at her to compel her to smile. They smile to each other, the smile of understanding they have exchanged a thousand times. Neither of them knows that this is the last time.*)

(*He goes off gaily humming French song, toward window which is now, however, becoming vague, as the moonlight is going and the depths of the forest are becoming obscure.*)

MARGARET: Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy! (*She runs about wood in growing fear.*) Come back, come back, Daddy! I don't want to be a might-have-been! (*The lights are now dim—the house has disappeared. All is growing dark.*)

(*Margaret is stationary in centre at her last cry, arms outstretched, back to audience.*)

CURTAIN.

PERSONALITY

Plays are written around it; theatres built to enshrine it

By MILDRED CRAM

PERSONALITY is the quicksilver of the spirit—a thing both elusive and definite. A theatrical personality is quicksilver captured, held stationary, put on exhibition for the delectation of the public.

Everyone has personality—ugly, simple, fiery, stupid, morose, spiritual. Some of us are blissfully unconscious of the mask we wear. Others of us, alive to ourselves, wear our personality with all the ostentation of a jewel set in platinum. Then personality becomes individuality—the individual plus intelligence, plus experience, plus expressiveness—and as individuality, of enormous value on the stage. The individuality of a player, far more than his technique, is a matter for discussion, criticism, and admiration. Many an audience has been hooked with just such evanescent bait.

How are we to tell when an actor is a great actor and when he is merely a human being of striking individuality? We cannot be certain that we admire George Cohan because he is a sure-fire comedian or because he can achieve a nasal twang by speaking out of a corner of his mouth.

Viewed *en masse*, most humans are physically and spiritually as alike as peas in a pod. Any pronounced peculiarity is fascinating. A dwarf is always sure of an audience. A poet, a fanatic, a crank or a genuine half-wit is just as conspicuous. Individuality—call it personality, if you wish—is the open sesame to publicity. Those who possess it are hated, envied, imitated, slavishly adored, reviled, abused and applauded, but they are never overlooked.

Personality is exploited. There are actors or actresses who would take out patents on their personalities if such a thing were possible. Everyone who possesses an ounce of the true essence of individuality puts himself on record as a sort of spiritual Siamese Twin. Plays are written around personality. Theatres are built to enshrine it. Strange fashions are evolved to bedeck it. Books, newspapers and magazines are filled with discussions of it. Critics sit up nights striving to analyze it. And thousands of simple people, who would be equally intrigued by the Bearded Lady or the Sword Swallower, pay two dollars (and war tax) for a cushioned seat where, in silence and darkness, they may contemplate the mystery.

Personality? Lord save us, what is it? Intelligence? Not always. Magnetism and charm have nothing to do with the matter, since there have been great "personalities" who had neither the one nor the other.

Magnetism is a player's most valuable asset. It covers a multitude of sins, since it is magic, dust in the eyes of the critical. It cannot be acquired. There have been great artists who lacked it utterly. Melba, for one. And Irving. And Tree, who caught his public through sheer intelligence. Richard Mansfield was not, in the strictest sense, magnetic; he was, rather, an individuality, unique, arresting and conspicuous. Magnetism is electrical; it speaks through the senses. Yet age and beauty have nothing to do with it. Franz Liszt was magnetic to the hour of his death. Bernhardt is magnetic to-day, with youth and grace far behind her. Yvette Guilbert is not beautiful, yet she can electrify an audience by simply standing before it, motionless, silent, with a quizzical smile in her little black eyes. Before she has made a gesture or spoken a word, she has sent wireless currents into every corner of the theatre, striking sparks, tapping one in the mysterious Morse code of the emotions: "Never mind what I say or how I sing. I am I. You cannot avoid me."

Why is it that Elsie Janis, singing a popular song in a cracked basso-profundo-soprano, sends her audiences into wild frenzies of enthusiasm? Why is it that Harry Lauder can get a laugh by simply lifting his eyebrow? Why is it that David Warfield goes on and on as the Music Master? Why do hysterical concertgoers fill the Hippodrome to the brim every time John McCormack sings? Why does an animated photograph of Douglas Fairbanks's smile cause the Rivoli barker to burst into his "Standing Room Only" ballad four times a day? What is it that makes Kreisler's violin unique among all violins?

Magnetism! The reason for all great popular enthusiasms. A little art, a little fluency, a little emotion are not enough. There must be that mysterious magic of the spirit, compelling and irresistible, which says: "I am I. No matter what I do, you cannot avoid me!"

Charm? That is something else again. Maude Adams's "Babbie" was the personification of charm—a creature of gaiety, whimsical tenderness and grace. The world looked and loved, wept a little, succumbed utterly and shrieked for more. When Miss Adams, in "What Every Woman Knows," denied that she had charm, there was a gasp of indignation. "Charm?" the public shouted. "You are it!" And so a "school" was established.

It became the theatrical fashion to try to capture what Barrie himself calls "the damn charm of the thing" and for fifteen years pretty ingenues have been in training to catch the Maude Adams' mantle when—heaven forbid!—it falls. The young Frances Starr danced in the sunbeam a moment as "Rose of the Rancho," then, in "The Easiest Way" discovered her personality. Now, in "Tiger! Tiger!" it is very dazzling indeed. Elsie Ferguson tried, and missed. Ruth Chatterton, Patricia Collinge, Phoebe Foster, Lola Fisher, Jeanne Eagels—none of them have pinned the butterfly to the wall; at most they have chased it down stage, very prettily, but no one was deceived.

There have been actors of charm. Gerald du Maurier, for one. He has a sort of Adams quaintness, a wistful humor, an impish gaiety. Of late years William Gillette has come into the fold. Forbes-Robertson, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the wistful Jack Barrymore of the screen, John Ransome in "Tillie"—there is something of Barrie's essence here. And plays? "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Dear Brutus," "The Pipes of Pan," "Daddy Long Legs," "The Cinderella Man," "Three Wise Fools"—how many of them actually captured the damn charm of the thing? Barrie is not explicit enough. What is charm, anyway? A trick of tickling the heart into unexpected laughter? Tenderness? Whimsy?

Ellen Terry had the gift. She was as gay as sunshine and supremely lovable. She could not always act, yet she always "got" her public; she laughed, romped, bubbled—and the trick was done. That fatal Barrymore charm—is it nothing more than a lazy voice, a slight bend inward at the waist and a quizzical smile?

The public loves its personalities. So many of us are drab; the quicksilver is there, but we grow weary of chasing it! So we go to the theatre and gape at ourselves as we might have been. Take your choice. Mrs. Fiske, brittle, precise, intellectual. Emily Stevens, perverse and daring. Jane Cowl, beautiful, lachrimose, fond of artistic tantrums and priceless negligées.

Walter Hampden, sombre and proud. The breezy Bayes. The sparkling Sanderson. Mary Pickford, whimsically curly. The romantic Tellegen and the spit-fire Farrar. Unctious Nat Goodwin and mellow Frank Bacon. Sugary Collinge and adorable, idealized old maid Laura Hope Crews. Tempting Mary Garden and audacious Florence Reed. The impeccable Drew. The tousled and tragic Copperhead. Charlie. Ethel Barrymore—American. Bordoni from France. Bernard-Mann, unhyphenated, incorporated. Cohan, the Yank. Sensuous Lenore Ulric and spiritual Edith Wynne Matthison.

Personalities! Quicksilver set in platinum. Invaluable, priceless and—inexplicable!

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ELISABETH RISDON

Who makes an alluring figure of Miss Trout in Barrie's play, "Dear Brutus," at the Empire

Campbell

PHOEBE HUNT

A young Californian who plays the leading feminine rôle in "A Prince There Was," the new Cohan comedy

Abbe

CAROLYN THOMPSON

Singing the title rôle in the successful musical piece, "Little Simplicity"

© Ira L. Hill

HAZEL DAWN

As Mabel, in "Up in Mabel's Room," Miss Dawn is as charming and attractive as ever

FOUR FAIR FAVORITES

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM

By his nephew BRUCE McRAE

MY first recollection of Sir Charles Wyndham was of a tall, gracious man, with slender figure and face of cameo fineness, leading me through Lowther's Arcade. Attached to his other hand was an equally eager lad similarly leashed—my cousin Howard, my uncle's only son. He lives in London. Latterly he managed his father's affairs.

Next and most vivid of my early recollections of my distinguished uncle after the Lowther's Arcade incident was of applying to him for help in my stage ambitions. I called on him in most business-like fashion at the theatre. I said timidly but determinedly: "Uncle I should like to go on the stage. Will you help me?" He leaned forward, smiled and asked: "How old are you, my boy?" I sat very straight, pulled up my collar and said: "Sixteen, next birthday, sir."

Uncle relaxed in his chair, patted the working hand that lay upon my knee, and said: "Come back in ten years and we'll see about it."

I knew that reply was as firm as it was gentle. It was part of the family history that uncle had essayed the stage, met incalculable hardships in it, and forsaken it for surgery. He had served with distinction as a surgeon in the United States Army during the Civil War. There had been times in his first years as an actor that he would have been glad to have a small business with which to support his family. There were days when a tobacconist's shop would have represented enviable freedom of mind and ease of circumstances to him. Had any one set him up in a little tobacconist's place we might never have seen the name of Charles Wyndham in the rôle of actor knights of England.

WHILE I was growing up and learning life as a surveyor in the Australian bush and a ranchman in Wyoming, came to me letters full of my uncle's fast accumulating honors. There was, for instance, his farewell to the Criterion management of twenty-three years and before he assumed the management of Wyndham's and the New Theatres. There was a reception attended by 1,500 persons, and a dinner of three hundred. Royalty itself honored him, which reminds me of a story that illustrates uncle's exceeding tenderness toward those whom he loved.

His father, after the fashion of parents, had strongly opposed his going upon the stage. When he went to his father as I afterwards went to him, saying: "I want to go upon the stage. Please help me," his father had vented his opinion of "the rogues and vagabonds who cavorted about the stage in paint to amuse silly people." He commanded his son to take a course in medicine and surgery that he might become "a useful member of society." But when his son reached stage success Grandfather Culver—the family name was Culver—became interested. Afterwards he was business manager for his son's companies.

My uncle enjoyed the favor of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward. The Prince was fond of Henry Irving and Herbert Tree. Often the four would sup at Buckingham Palace after the play. Of these little supper parties the public never knew. But Grandfather Culver knew and manifested pride in the secret events.

While he was ill he expected Sir Charles to make nightly visits to his room after the play to tell him of what had happened that night. Grandfather was growing worse and we knew the end was very near. My uncle was producing a new play. I saw the play and went with him to my grandfather's bedside.

Grandfather opened his eyes, and asked: "How did the play go?"

"Very, well, father. Not a boo, and the audience was brilliant."

GRANDFATHER whispered: "Was the Prince there?" My uncle leaned above him and patted his head. "Yes, dear," he said, which was true, "and he asked after you," which wasn't. Grandfather died next morning happier for his belief in the royal remembrance.

Charles Wyndham had a high regard for women. He enjoyed their society. His manner toward them was chivalry of the finest and suavity of the subtlest. One of his favorite recreations was to gather four or five of them about him at a luncheon table. In his social relations he had the same delicate touch of comedy that characterized his acting. He affected to be enormously grateful to his sister. Bronson Howard had written "Saratoga" and came to London to localize it under the name "Brighton" for my uncle. My uncle produced "Brighton." The play was one of his first artistic successes and his first financial one. While he was in England Mr. Howard met, fell in love with and married my aunt. Afterwards she had but one name in the private circle, so far as my uncle was concerned. He invariably addressed her as "Royalties."

He never cherished grudges. In his first years as an actor he was twice discharged from companies for incompetency. Mrs. John Wood was one of the managers who in duty to her company and the public dismissed him. He never held this against her. In subsequent years, she was a brilliant member of one of his companies. While he was directing a play he often used to ask her as she sat watching in the wings: "Dear, how would you do this?"

AN estimable actor, with whom I have the pleasure of playing in "Daddies," was in my uncle's companies for thirty years. They were great friends. I think my uncle would have been deeply offended had Mr. Giddens addressed him on any occasion other than as "Charlie." Once while they were touring this country a mischief-maker carried some tale to him about an alleged criticism Mr. Giddens was said to have made. This the manager resented. Mr. Giddens scolded because the slander was believed. He and my uncle did not speak to each other for several days. Both were wretched but each studiously avoided letting the other know it. One morning they met on the platform of a small western station. It was an "early jump." They were breakfastless and the weather was bitter. The tall, thin actor and the shorter, more compactly built one passed each other without greeting. Their coat collars turned up, and shivering, they conducted their counter-marches on the platform. It was the manager who with steaming mouth broke the ice and the silence.

"I want a drink. Do you know where I can get one?" Mr. Giddens said: "No. But I have a bottle with me. You are welcome to a drink if you wish." They stood beneath the eaves of the station and Mr. Giddens poured the dark beverage into a collapsible cup. They drank. They shook hands. And the incident was forgotten.

What Mr. Giddens likes to remember is an earlier conversation of theirs. He had gone to my uncle and said: "Charlie, I'm in a good deal of a hole. I need twenty-five pounds to pull me out. I'll pay it back in any way you like, out of my salary each week or when I have saved all of it." Uncle wrote a check and said: "As you like, my boy. When you like." In about six weeks Mr. Giddens says he went to Sir Charles and said: "Here's the twenty-five pounds. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you." There was a little rumble in the Wyndham throat as was his habit when puzzled or embarrassed. He was about to go on in a scene. Before he went on the stage he offered his hand to Mr. Giddens who wonderingly accepted it. He found in his palm the twenty-five pounds he had paid a moment before. Uncle did the same thing to me. I was sailing, a raw lad, to seek my fortune in Australia. Uncle pressed my hand, and whispered confidentially, "For your wine bill on the boat, boy." It was a five pound note, a fortune for a youngster.

THE members of his company loved him. An engagement with him was likely to be a long one. Some remained with him for a generation. It will always be a deep regret of mine that circumstances did not favor my joining his company. It would have been a lifelong inspiration to watch his acting and be under his direction. But I made my début here and have remained in the country that has been so kind to me. Frank Worthing told me that the proudest and happiest recollection of his life was being photographed, while a member of his company, with Charles Wyndham. He was not only as an actor, but in respect to his dress and manner and appearance, a model to young men.

His standards were high, but his discipline was never harsh. It was his habit to so convey a criticism that it seemed a compliment. Or he included himself in it. For instance, he once tried to correct a mannerism of mine by saying: "Don't shake your head when you talk, boy. I did when I was your age."

My uncle was virile and every inch a man of the world. He was a sort of intellectual swashbuckler but he had an extremely sensitive and delicate quality which he dedicated to the service of all women, and which he wore like a flower, as if especially in their honor. He was a prince of gallantry. And they all loved him. Even when he was seventy, young girls forgot their sweethearts in his presence. Of one rouged woman it was said she had one foot in the grave, the other in the Criterion. Young men felt like old fogies when they came within the radius of his exuberant charm and the spirit of his eternal youth.

© Strauss-Peyton

DONALD MACDONALD

After ten months' service with the U. S. Marines, this young actor has been engaged by Comstock and Elliott for a new production

White

GEORGE ARLISS

As Mr. Don in Barrie's "A Well-Remembered Voice." This popular star is now on tour and will be seen shortly in New York in "The Mollusc" and in the Barrie playlet, in which he is pictured above

© Hixon Connelly

JOHNNY DOOLEY

The clever comedian who has scored a hit as William Penn, Jr., in the musical entertainment, "Listen, Lester," in a characteristic pose

MEN OF THE HOUR IN THE THEATRE

MARIONETTE WORLD PREMIÈRE

Tony Sarg presents Thackeray's pantomime with puppet players

By W. B. SEABROOK

Countess Gruffanuff, who becomes suddenly beautiful when she touches the magic ring

The love scene in the garden between the Prince and Princess in "The Rose and the Ring," written by Thackeray and produced as a marionette play by Tony Sarg

The butler whose head turns into a door-knocker when he is enchanted by the Fairy

AND now we are to have a world *première* in a Greenwich Village studio.

Author, William Makepeace Thackeray; impresario, Tony Sarg; actors, Marionettes.

The play, as you may have guessed, is "The Rose and the Ring, or the History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo."

There is an interesting explanation of why this diverting pantomime has lain for three-quarters of a century on the library shelves without a single attempt at production. Back in the days of crinolines, when it was still the custom to sit at home of an evening, Mr. Thackeray drew a set of curious cardboard dolls for the amusement of the children gathered round his fireside. So quaint were the sketches that he was persuaded to compose a story about them. But he let his imagination run riot, and made his characters do such outlandish things that it has been hitherto impossible to assemble a group of players, either puppets or humans, capable of enacting the astounding rôles.

Take the case of the king, for instance, Valoroso the Great, who falls on the tip of his nose and bends it into the shape of a fish hook. Royalty has had ample experience in falling, but not on its royal proboscis. Even so histrionically versatile a monarch as Leo Ditrichstein would have to give up after the first week and enter a hospital for remodeling wounded soldiers. And the rôle of the butler is worse. Wooden-headed butlers are plentiful, both on and off the stage, but where is a butler to be found capable of suddenly changing his wooden head into a door knocker? Or who among our Ziegfeld beauties, whose progressive expertness in disrobing has finally included even ear-rings and stockings, would be able, without blushing, to take off her face in full view of the audience, as one of the ladies does in Mr. Thackeray's pantomime?

Is it any wonder that play producers and puppeteers alike have never before dared to tackle such an ambitious undertaking?

But Tony Sarg has achieved, or is about to achieve, the impossible. Encouraged by the success of his puppets last year in "A Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel," and other playlets at the Punch and Judy Theatre, he has completed another set of even more complicated marionettes, modelled after Thackeray's original drawings, and is planning to present "The Rose and the Ring" for a première performance in his huge atelier in the Frick studios early in March, after which it will be moved to a suitable theatre uptown.

The play is full of mysteries and marvels. Nothing has been left out by Hettie Louise Mick, author of the adaptation. Fairy Blackstick bewitches the whole court. Great, fierce, red-maned, black-throated, long-tailed, roaring, bellowing, rushing lions are loosed to eat Rosalba, but instead of devouring her, they nuzzle their noses in her lap and moo. In the dreadful combat between two armored knights, Mr. Sarg has resource to shadowgraph figures, operated with sticks from below, in Javanese fashion. The scaffold scene and eleventh hour rescue are replete with thrills which Mr. Griffith never dreamed of.

If Tony Sarg had lived in the days of black magic, he would have been burned as a sorcerer, or wizard, or whatever it is in trousers that corresponds to a witch. In this more enlightened age, he is invited to tea by ladies who are interested in Art—a form of torture which may be equally cruel, but which has the advantage of allowing him to go on afterward with his work. His puppets are so life-like that they really smell of sorcery. By making twenty-four strings sprout from their fingers and joints and the insides of their little heads, where only five strings grew before, and by means of improved sockets at elbows, hips, knees and ankles, he has taught them not only to make practically all the movements of a living person, including facial expression, but also to perform tricks and gyrations of which no human is capable. For a performance like "The Rose and the Ring" eight highly trained puppets are required, and in addition there must be a corps of readers and vocalists to supply the voices and accompaniments to the drama and complete the illusion that the little figures are endowed with life. The stage, of course, with all its scenery, furniture and props, is in exact proportion to the dolls.

Now try to forget for a moment these back stage secrets, and take your seat in the audience. At first you merely see a minature drama enacted by remarkable dolls, manipulated by strings from above. But presently your imagination is seduced by the perfect proportion of it all, and you begin to see the dolls as life-sized figures, still marionettes, but magically grown to the stature of human beings.

The Parson

A scene behind the puppet stage, with Mr. Sarg standing on the operating board. His assistants are Lillian Owen and Charles Searle

Captain Headsoff

Photos White

Margaret Dale and George Hassell in "Good Morning, Judge," an amusing musical version of Pinero's farce, "The Magistrate," and now being presented at the Shubert

Ernest Truex and Edith Taliaferro as the couple who get into most of the difficulties in "Please Get Married," a new farce at the Little Theatre

(Upper Center)

Ruth Donnelly and Ralph Sipperly in George M. Cohan's newest comedy, "A Prince There Was"

Tom Wise and William Courtenay, who are co-stars in "Cappy Ricks," at the Morosco Theatre

SOME RECENT PLAYS

THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences

HOW I PLAYED CAPULET

By Frank Bacon

Bangs
FRANK BACON

THE most terrifying and exciting episode of my life happened unexpectedly one night at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, long, long ago. The bill that week was "Romeo and Juliet," and I, being the comedian of the company, was cast for Peter. Florence Roberts was Juliet and George Webster was Capulet. Late Monday afternoon George heard his mother was dead. He left a note and departed from the city. When I reached the theatre after 7:30 the manager was waiting with the news that I was to go on for Capulet.

Now, Capulet's first speech is a whole page of fine print. There wasn't time for me even to read through the part, let alone learn it.

I sat as one paralyzed, reading over that first speech, while other actors painted lines on my face and put the Capulet robes on my trembling form. I went on, when the time came, more dead than alive and said what I was able to remember. Running off, I picked up the book and found what my next speeches were. Each time I went on I wasted no time wondering where I was supposed to be on the stage, but never moved one foot away from the exit.

I played a Capulet such as no one had ever seen before. I don't know what it was. I only know it was nothing like Shakespeare. It was a purely Baconian version. But I did not care. I only knew I was suffering. I suffered more that night than at any other performance in all my years of acting on the stage.

FOOTING THE RAILROAD TIES

By Edwin Nicander

Gardner
EDWIN NICANDER

THE most unusual thing that ever happened to me was some years ago, when I was a barnstorming actor. I played with a company, the last stop of which was Falmouth, Kentucky. Business had been pretty bad all through the South, but when we reached Falmouth we played to a gross of $5.69. After the performance that night, I went to bed, and was awakened later by someone touching me on the shoulder. I looked up. It was the manager of the company.

"Get your bags and follow me," he said.

I asked no questions, but got up, dressed, and followed him to the station, where the other members of the company were gathered.

The manager had a "gold" watch—of the large, turnip variety—the last one of a half-dozen which had served similar purposes, and he asked the station agent to give him tickets to Cincinnati, and he would leave the timepiece as security. Luckily, the watch was running. After a parley the station agent placed tickets in the manager's hands. We got on the train and rode all day and into the night. Early in the morning I felt a touch on my shoulder, which awakened me out of a fitful sleep in an uncomfortable day coach seat. I looked up. It was the manager.

"We quit here," he informed me.

"Here? Where?" I questioned, snapping up the shade to find we were in the midst of a snow-drifted field. "Where are we?" I asked.

"We're here, son, and we quit here. Good luck to you." And he was off.

"We were put off at the next station, miles from our destination; but I finally found my way to Cincinnati. I learned afterward that the station agent had found out we had buncoed him with the watch, and wired on to have us put off the train.

MY GREATEST TRAGEDY

By Frances Starr

FRANCES STARR

BECAUSE I have a sense of humor I can laugh over my "greatest tragedy." It occurred this season, shortly after William Winter's "Life of David Belasco" came off the press. I was just considering the expenditure of eleven dollars for the two beautiful volumes, when Mr. Belasco's secretary brought them to me as a gift from the producer. I was doubly proud of them because he had affectionately inscribed them. After the play that night, I took them home with me in happy anticipation of reading them far into the night. For this purpose I made myself comfortable in a negligee, curled up in bed, with my light arranged just right, and, woman-like (or shall I say artist-like?), I turned to the chapters which gave an account of my commencement in the theatre under Mr. Belasco's management, with the subsequent history of my stellar career.

Imagine my consternation to find that Mr. Winter had set the day of my birth six years before it actually happened—and three years before my father and mother had even met.

Of all the bug-a-boos to a player, the most feared is the loss of youth. Like a grim spectre, Age stands in the recesses of every artist's thought waiting to approach a terrorized victim. For producers to get the impression that an actress is "growing old" is her death knell in the theatre. With this in view, could there be anything more tragic than for such a revered chronicler as Mr. Winter to make a mistake in the date of my birth?

I was disconsolate over the matter until I found that he had given the correct date in the index of his biography of Mr. Belasco—not really disconsolate, you know—for there was my sense of humor!

UP A TREE

By Roy Atwell

White
ROY ATWELL

I DON'T know whether it should come under the heading of the most "striking" episode in my life, but it certainly was the most strenuous. And it didn't happen on the stage, either. The incident occurred while I was literally "up a tree" at Camp Alger, near Washington, during the Spanish-American war. I was a volunteer, and as part of my training I had been assigned to a post as lookout, high up in the branches of a big tree.

I should explain that I am abnormally afraid of lightning. So was my mother before me. When I was a youngster and living with my brothers and sisters at the Thousand Islands, mother always herded us children into the house during a thunder storm. To get under a tree, she explained, was to court disaster. Well, while I was up the tree there came a heavy electric storm. Not only was I in a tree, but I had a gun over my shoulder like a lightning rod. No, I didn't desert my post, and I wasn't court-marshaled. It wasn't the most "striking" episode in my life, perhaps, as the lightning missed me, but it certainly was the most strenuous.

PLAYING WITH SALVINI

By Marie Wainwright

Sarony
MARIE WAINWRIGHT

MY most thrilling experience? Well, I've had a lot of thrilling experiences, but I think the thrillingest of all was the time the elder Salvini almost suffocated me. Yes, he really did. I played Desdemona with him, you know. And it was always quite thrilling enough just to play with Salvini, but on this particular occasion he quite forgot himself and went about his job of smothering poor Desdemona—me—as if he actually meant it. He very nearly did it too. With glaring eyes the tragedian advanced towards me muttering fiercely. Then he seized me in his powerful grasp and almost choked the life out of me. At the end of the scene I was unconscious and Salvini, when he realized what he had done almost smothered me again trying to revive me.

That was my unpleasantest thrill, certainly. The pleasantest thrills I have ever had come to me regularly now at every performance of "Dear Brutus," when my old husband in the play, Grant Stewart, makes love to me and proposes to me again while he is still under the influence of the magical Wood of Second Chance. That is the most beautiful scene I have ever played. I often wonder if it thrills the audience as it does me.

When the Plays & Players Club of Philadelphia decide to do a play, the results are always gratifying, as evidenced by the clever Boat Scene from their recent presentation of the "Willow Pattern Plate," with Lorraine G. Graham, Katharine McCarron, and Henry B. Schaffer, Jr., the central figures in the picture

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE

ON May 16th, 1910 there was produced in Philadelphia at the South Broad Street Theatre a play founded on Irish folk lore. It was called "The Changeling" and its author was Emily R. Perkins. The performance was most successful and the play so interested Otis Skinner that he secured control of it.

The cast of "The Changeling" was composed of a number of men and women who had played from time to time in the usual run of amateur performances but who felt that there was need for a real dramatic organization devoted to the serious study and production of dramatic works of literary or artistic value and as a consequence Miss Perkins called together the members of her cast and others interested in the histrionic art and formed Plays and Players with Mrs. Otis Skinner as President, the organization receiving its charter May 29th, 1911.

Within a few months approximately 500 members were enrolled, about 100 players and the rest associate or subscribing members, a small auditorium was secured, fitted with a small but practical stage and the organization went to work.

Performances have been given each month during the season to members and their guests, sometimes in the Playroom and frequently at the larger theatres.

FOR several years prior to the World War which took into the service twenty-eight of its younger members, Plays and Players produced a series of ten performances each season for The University Extension Society in Philadelphia. Many special performances have also been given for The Drama League, for charities and for the men encamped in the vicinity of Philadelphia. One performance, "Dolly Reforming Herself," by Henry Arthur Jones (*Concluded on page* 178)

ANNOUNCEMENT

DR. THOMAS WOOD STEVENS, recently returned from overseas, has given us permission to publish the charming little Prologue—"Pierrot Returns From the Wars," which he wrote for the re-opening of the Carnegie Tech Theatre. The little play is timely, easily adapted to amateur production, and amateurs will be interested to learn that Dr. Stevens is writing for us, a special article, concerning its recent presentation at Carnegie Tech, with illustrations. Both the play and his article will be published in the April issue.

The Editor will be glad to consider articles and photographs of recent amateur performances for publication in "Amateur Theatricals."

The Ensemble in the "Willow Pattern Plate," with the cast reading from left to right, front row, William Purdy, Mrs. G. Y. Edwards, Margaret H. Cooper, M. F. Maury, Lorraine G. Graham, Frederick Poole, Katharine McCarron, Joseph C. Fox, George Y. Edward, Jr., and Frank Shellenberger

THE VARSITY ART THEATRE

By Virgil Andrew Wyatt

HOW THE VARSITY PLAYERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH REALIZED THEIR LONG CHERISHED AMBITION FOR A LITTLE THEATRE, IN A QUAINT HALL BUILT BY BRIGHAM YOUNG

FOR twenty-three years the University of Utah boasted only of the commonplace in the study of the Drama. To be sure, the annual pageants, the class productions and the amateur plays marked the year's work and it must be admitted that these endeavors gained no little local praise.

Then one day a little less than two years ago, President John Widstoe and Maud May Babcock, head of the University Department of Public Speaking, witnessed a magnificent production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" on the college campus and secretly planned for "something bigger"—a new stride in college drama that would arouse national interest and do justice to Utah's enviable record for the cultivation of the Drama since the days of the pioneers.

AND so to-day in a little oblong, quaint theatre, built back in the '52's by Brigham Young, that "something bigger" has become a reality and the Varsity Players, headed by Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg, two of America's foremost actor-producers, are laying the foundation for a new stride in the history of college dramatics.

The Varsity Players is an organization composed of perhaps eight or ten professionals, the majority of whom are recruited from the alumni of Utah's Dramatic classes. The players with the exception of the leads lend their services gratis to the new movement. Each of the cast is a member of faculty of the university and aid through personal contact and instruction in the development of student material.

THE entire machinery of the Varsity Art Theatre, attended by its problems of scenery, costumes, etc., is handled by the University Department of Public Speaking. In fact as far as can be learned, the University of Utah is the first college in the United States which is financing and operating a professional house. All the scenery is made at the little playhouse under direction of Mr. Browne while the costumes are turned out by Thilda Olson under direction of Miss Babcock.

The aim of the new movement is two-fold. In the first place, it is the forerunner of a new era in the history of college drama which eventually will open a new channel of excellent material and talent for the professional stage.

IT can be plainly seen," said Mr. Browne, "that should a large number of the colleges and universities follow Utah's example and adopt this new plan—and I feel assured they will—the education of the average college dramatic student will be complete in a new sense. He or she will have the opportunity to study at first hand the school of the professional, and, offering the smaller parts at first, we can gradually 'draft,' as it were, the more adept students into the Varsity Players and in this manner launch them on professional careers. When we closed the Little Theatre on account of war conditions, Miss Van Volkenburg was invited to go to New York but accepted the University of Utah's offer because she realized the great future in store for the Chicago Art Theatre movement."

SECONDLY, the aim of the Varsity Players is of a high type and follows in line with the hope with which the Art Theatre Movement was first begun in the latter part of the nineteenth century in Paris—to discourage the growing spirit of commercialism which is choking the stage world of to-day; to eliminate, if possible, the tendency on the part of the producers to startle the public with scenic effects while the story and action of the play is neglected and finally to strike a greater degree of harmony between the producer and the playwright.

Recently I was fortunate enough to study the inside working of the new plan on a personally conducted tour by Miss Babcock and Mr. Browne.

The home of the movement in the quaint theatre, hedged in between the great modern buildings, is rich in historic value.

BUILT in 1852-53, by Brigham Young in response to an ever-increasing demand for more dramatic productions, it is probably the oldest playhouse west of the Mississippi River. The first real production occurred in 1853 when "Don Cæsar de Bazan" with James Ferguson in the leading rôle was produced.

At length after 66 years, the little old hall has been completely remodeled and put into its old-time shape when the west saluted its historical opening. Only in place of the candles of the olden days, two electric chandeliers have been hung.

The stage is small but thanks to the designs and plans of Mr. Browne in reversible semi-permanent scenery, the difficulty and the lack of the "flies" is greatly overcome. For example, the wall-joints are constructed in panels in which the various inserts needed are bolted in. He has employed the "House that Jack Built" style of furniture and can by adding several box frames, invert a table into a princely throne.

IT was illustrated in the first production of the Varsity Players in which the regulation scenery was used, that 20 minute intermissions were required. However a complete change is now possible with the use of the new scenery in six minutes.

Two highly modern dressing rooms are located below the stage in which the old-fashioned, overloaded "make-up" tables must give way to the newer style of "make-up" drawers.

(*Concluded on page 172*)

Left and Right: Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg, two actor-producers whose work has contributed so largely to the success of the Varsity Art Theatre, and who are laying the foundation for a new stride in the history of college dramatics

Center: Maude May Babcock head of the Department of Public Speaking, University of Utah, whose plan for "something bigger" in college dramatics, has been realized in the Varsity Theatre

THE JUVENILE THEATRE IN ST. LOUIS

By M. Evelyn Bradley

ONE stifling summer afternoon, some ten years ago, four persons gathered on the balcony of the Planters' Hotel in St. Louis.

These four persons were Alice Martin, now the protagonist of the Juvenile Theatre, Zoe Akins, now a poet of international fame, and a playwright of note, Orrick Johns, poet and feuilletonist, and Harry Turner, then an automobile person but now editor of a fortnightly magazine whimsically named "Much Ado."

At the time of which I write, Alice Martin was a dancing teacher—successful, but unhappy, for the Bunny Hug, and so forth, while profitable to teach, did not satisfy her.

LIKE the gentlemen now gathering at Versailles, there was but one thing certain in this little group and that was that something must be done. About that they were in agreement, but about nothing else.

Who offered the suggestion, we do not know. It seemed rather to come as an inspiration spontaneously to them all. At any rate when the little party divided to go to their respective homes a Dramatic club for the purpose of producing plays was formed.

Each of these four had a little money—perhaps some of it borrowed—but there was in the eyes of each of them something burning. The necessity for creating, for expressing was a force in itself, which once liberated and given its head, nothing could stop, as time has proven.

A month or so later the Players' Club, for that was the name decided upon produced its premiere in an improvised theatre in an institution known as the Artists' Guild on Union Boulevard.

The three plays presented were "The Farewell Supper" by Arthur Schnitzler, "Margot" by Suderman, "The Shadow of the Glen" by J. M. Synge.

The third play was well and thoroughly done, the second play failed and the first one was a hit.

SINCE then the Players' Club has grown in influence and understanding, and nowadays produces at the Little Theatre (one of the best, if not the best in the country, built adjoining the Artists' Guild) plays with all the finish and stage-craft of a Broadway production.

The club has produced faultlessly the whimsical little dramas of Alfred Kreymbourg, that thrilling and stirring one-act tragic-comedy by Zoe Akins, known as "The Magical City" and many other worth-while dramas, adapted from the French and German, and sometimes plays imported from Washington Square.

And so the Players' Club having "arrived" as they say, the indomitable Alice Martin, whom we have always suspected was the moving spirit actuating the group of enthusiastic amateurs, decided to not rest on her laurels—but like an Alexander looked about for new worlds to conquer.

And so the Junior Players' Club has come into existence, and on January 3d had its premiere at the Artists' Guild Little Theatre.

ALICE MARTIN—the originator of the idea of producing children's dramas—has associated with her, Joseph Solari, an *entrepreneur* of peculiar talent and Miss Marguerite Breen, who possesses a rare gift as a costume designer.

The vehicle chosen was an adaptation of one of Grimm's fairy tales, known as "The Dancing Princesses"—an adaptation by Mr. Solari, into a three-act drama running about one and one-quarter hours.

THE production revealed no one suggestion throughout its entire concept of anything amateurish. It was a finished and respect-compelling performance. The earnestness and *insouciance* of the children, their entire lack of self-consciousness, their perfect *savoir faire*, revealed a new world of possibilities for the coming generation. No prompting was heard by the audience; the actors and actresses, dancers and singers performed at this premiere in a manner suggestive of the days when London was the home of the artistically conceived and finished drama.

A group of youthful amateurs in a scene from "The Dancing Princesses," an adaptation from one of Grimm's Fairy Tales, with the Misses Verna Casserly, Lila Tellman, Charlotte Tellman, Grace Randol and Adria Sykes

THE stage setting and lighting effects were most satisfying, but the feature of this unique performance that left a lasting impression, was the entire unconsciousness apparently on the part of this cast of miniature actors and actresses of the presence of such a thing as an audience.

The play was repeated on the Saturday afternoon following to a full and appreciative house.

It is the plan of the producers to adapt the best of the fairy plays and the whimsical child dramas of the old world to the little theatre stage, and at stated intervals produce them, perhaps also in other cities than St. Louis.

Financially the venture proved mildly profitable, but there is every reason to believe that it will in future be remunerative enough to justify the immense amount of work and talent expended on it, for as soon as the parents and friends of the juveniles in histrionics realized that something new under the sun had been accomplished, their enthusiasm was contagious, and many requests to give further performances have been received by the producers.

It is quite possible that the renaissance of an ancient and one-time honorable art is to come through the children and through the Little Theatre.

N.B.—The Editor will be pleased to receive articles and photographs of recent juvenile plays.

The five Princes who contributed in no small measure to the success of "The Dancing Princesses." The Misses Helen Norpoth, Janice Milligan, Margaret Steele, Virginia Halk and Ruth Harte

They might have stepped from out the pages of "Grimm's"—this regal King, (Master Firnan Sykes and the Prince and Princess, (Master Kenneth Holtgrewe, and Miss Lucille Areti)

We are glad that all Miss Vanderbilt's pictures were taken with that white smile of hers, though that could hardly be helped, since her smile seems to be of those that never come off. Such a smile is a great addition to any hat, even if it were not as lovely as this of black silk net trimmed with old blue ribbon and ribbon flowers in soft French colorings. An interesting feature of the hat is the crown, which is sheer gauze, with nothing between it and the hair

The frock below is one Miss Vanderbilt wears in "Listen, Lester." A skirt of gray charmeuse, lined with American Beauty colored satin that turns over in a band at the top and that has been entertainingly described as "all wrapped round like a broken arm," has a jacket of American Beauty satin, with a black velvet collar, and a girdle of black and gold. When Miss Vanderbilt breaks out into dancing the skirt unwraps and reveals a dear little frock of gray chiffon

TYPES—

MISS GERTRUDE VANDERBILT 'YOUNG AMERICA"

By ANNE ARCHBALD

AN old American name, and a young American person! American breeziness, vivacity—American "pep" in other words. Health, vitality, a body small and slender, yet with strong, finely-tempered muscles that can portray to perfection the spirit of American dancing. Beauty, laughter, the joy of living, expressed by a merry, white smile that comes on and doesn't go off, high color contrasted with brown hair and blue eyes—all these make Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt an ideal candidate for the type of "Young America." Miss Vanderbilt is at present dancing and singing and laughing her way through "Listen, Lester," that tuneful and amusing musical comedy now playing at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Of these three frocks and hats only one set is worn in "Listen, Lester." The other frocks and hats we were fortunate enough to be able to photograph from Miss Vanderbilt's own personal wardrobe.

This frock was especially designed for Miss Vanderbilt and named "Young America." It is an unusual blend of colorings, of changeable soft blue and lavender taffeta, with ruffles of valenciennes lace and bead insertion made of tiny red, white and blue beads. The cockade in front of the bodice, which we particularly call to your attention—as well as the feature of the 1860 shoulder line which the new bodices are taking—glistens vividly with these colors of red, white and blue

Campbell Studio

A personal frock all ready for Miss Vanderbilt's spring wear! Of blue gabardine, with pockets, black patent leather belt, and hand-made batiste and valenciennes fichu, all complete. The little ribbon streamers down the front are of bright green ribbon embroidered in black; the blue straw hat, with its lace veil, has green edges to its cockade, and there are green and red and blue beads in the border to the blue reticule bag

CHARM, MODERATION AND PROPRIETY THE PRESENT MOTTO FOR CLOTHES

By

ANGELINA

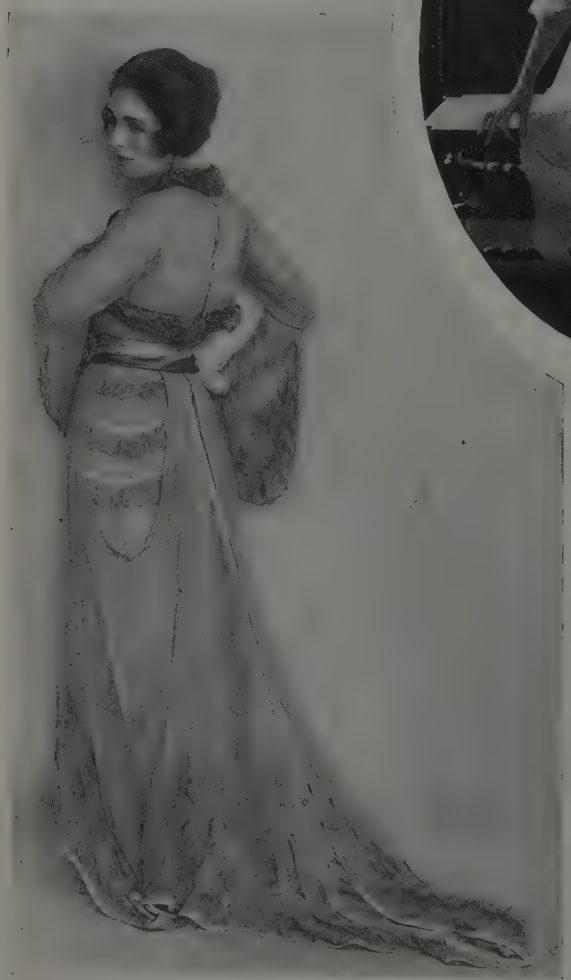
DO you know....never have the women in New York looked prettier to me, or more prettily dressed, than just now. And never has the prospect for clothes looked so enchanting.

I hear that Paris is breaking out into certain after-the-war extravagances, the most noticeable being the inordinately short skirt, which started being short, as you know, during the war, but has now gone to all lengths. I mean to *no* lengths. It is now measured not by how many inches from the floor up, by by how many inches from the knee down. Added to that the Parisian is indulging in a craze of chestnut-colored silk stockings for any and every costume, the silk extremely sheer, worn with slippers bearing elaborate buckles, so that the most prominent thing about their wearers seems to be their legs. Some of the best-dresesed French women are letting themselves feature these short skirts it is reported, but what remains of that phase of ours has been handed over to the Broadway flapper. And even she is rapidly weeding it out.

We never get very far away, praise be, from that perennially charming style of tucks on skirts. You know by Miss Josephine Victor's expression what she thinks of them. Or is she looking so pleased because her frock, with its white organdie bib collar and white organdie sash, is of that lovely pink and white Mandarin Crepe Plaid. Miss Victor is shortly to appear in a new play under the John Cort management

The three photographs on this page were chosen to show the broadmindedness and catholicity of present day fashion. You can see the contrast between Miss Lila Lee's not-too-short-skirted, piquant, bouffant affair and Miss Margaret Mayo's long, clinging, trailing lines. Miss Lee's frock is of peach-colored Indestructible Voile shading off into a bodice of flesh-colored Indestructible Voile, the skirt trimmed with ruchings of pink and blue Lady Fair ribbon and ruchings of white lace put on turned back in the new fashion

Photos Feder



—and Miss Mayo's frock by Blackburn—Miss Mayo is playing the part of the mother in "East is West" at the Astor Theatre—is of grey Indestructible Voile embroidered in silver and touched with lines of silver ribbon, the belt in soft French shades of satin ribbon

This little preface about Paris is by way of being a small puff for America. For the reason for the present charm in our clothes lies in the very lack of extravagant features. We had our moment of wildness a month or two back in the ridiculous hobble skirt, and having got bravely over that have settled down for the time being to simplicity and moderation.

At Giddings, recently, I had a lovely long session behind the scenes with the latest models, some of them French and some designed in their own workrooms. Of course I don't mean to say that French models are all of extravagant nature. Certainly not the ones that were being shown there, anyway. Never have I seen garments so pretty, so simple, yet so *chic*, so adapted to the uses for which they were planned. For the warm weather there are the organdies, the quaint printed calicos, and voiles, the flowered chintzes, the last three materials forming the most delightful of frocks. They are made with the utmost simplicity, a skirt with perhaps a few broad tucks, or a quilling, or a puffing round the hem (all Victorian effects are to be very much the rule of the hour) possibly a pocket or two piped in the prevailing tone of the material; a *bébé* bodice with a white pleated frill about the neck, and short above-the-elbow white-frilled sleeves. *And*—a sash! Whatever else you do without it must *not* be a sash. There must be one of some sort, with ends, on everything. Sashes are of the material, in the case of the chintzes or calicos, flat, narrow, lapping over once; on silks or organdies, or voiles, of ribbon in contrasting color, or of organdie itself. (*Concluded on page* 174.)

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Oberon and Titania in an outdoor presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the University of Utah

THE VARSITY ART THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 166)

Little introduction is needed to present Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg of the "Trojan Women" which toured the country in 1915.

To Miss Maud Babcock belongs a generous degree of the success of the new movement. She has enjoyed a long experience in teaching, acting and directing. To describe her intimately, she is a human dynamo of energy and the most remarkable part of it is, she does things—big things which make Utah stand for excellence in the mention of college dramatics.

The repertoire of the Varsity Players includes both the legitimate and puppet productions. Unfortunately, however, the new company was able to present but one play after its opening on September 30 due to the strict Spanish Influenza quarantine which has gripped Salt Lake City for the last eight weeks.

Barrie's "The Professor's Love Story" constituted the first bill. It was staged under the direction of Miss Babcock and featured Ellen Van Volkenburg and Mr. Browne. The remainder of the cast follows: Effie, Irma Smoot; Lucy White, Helen Willi; Dr. Cozens, C. L. Menser; Prof. Goodwillie, Mr. Browne; Lady Gilding, Louise Hill; Sir George Gilding, Adolph Axelrad; Dowager Lady Gilding, Katherine Kiser; Pete, Byron Foulger; Henders, Franklin Rasmussen; Dr. Yellowlees, Oluf Allen; Miss Goodwillie, Miss Van Volkenburg.

The bill next in readiness will be four one-act playlets comprising "Womenkind," by W. W. Gibson; "The Farewell Supper," by Arthur Schnitzler, paraphrased by Granville Barker; "Lithuania," the only play of Rupert Brooke, and "Joint Owners in Spain," by Alice Brown. This bill will be directed by Mr. Browne.

THE idea of the new College Art Theatre is not radical in any sense. To the contrary, it is the natural step in the development of the college drama and it cannot fail for two reasons. In the first place Maude Adams, the great Utah actress has the success of the idea at heart and in an interview with Miss Babcock last year, she expressed a willingness to co-operate, and secondly, the movement will succeed because there is no such word as "failure" in Maud May Babcock's vocabulary.

As I write this article and it awaits its turn to be ushered into print, the authorities have lifted the ban on Salt Lake City. To make up for the many weeks of enforced darkness, the productions have been presented every week with a great degree of success.

Bernard Shaw's "Candida" followed immediately upon the lifting of the ban with Mr. Browne and Miss Van Volkenburg carrying the leads in their superb style. A certain Byron Foulger, a student in the University scored a decisive hit in "Candida" as Eugene.

Following "Candida" came Shaw's "Androceles and the Lion," faultlessly executed and highly complimented. Rudolph Besier's "Don" was presented next in order with the following cast:

Stephen Bonington	Maurice Browne
Mrs. Bonington	Mrs. Browne
Canon Bonington	Byron Foulger
Thompsett	Moroni Olsen
Elizabeth Thompsett	Louise Hill
Ann Sinclair	Pauline Brandon, Claire Bradford
General Sinclair	Franklin Rasmussen
Mrs. Sinclair	Mari Bollman
Maid	Alta Strickley

One of the most recent offerings of the Varsity Players was Ibsen's "Doll House" and in spite of the small stage, the play was "put across" in a manner strictly professional. Miss Van Volkenburg's portrayal of Nora was the talk of the city for several weeks. The cast for the "Doll's House" is given below:

Torvald Helmar	Moroni Olsen
Nora, his wife,	Ellen Van Volkenburg
Doctor Rank	Maurice Browne
Mrs. Linden	Emily Brinton and Marie Hill
Nils Krogstad	Franklin Rasmussen
The Helmar's two children	Eudora Widtsoe, Margaret Hall
Anna,	Marie Hall and Emily Brinton
A Maid Servant	Alta Strickley

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OUR UNCOMERCIAL MANAGERS

(Continued from page 134)

required suddenly to go to press with comments on eleven new productions in a single week?

The professional reporters of the current theatre may reasonably be ignored as negative agents, but they cannot reasonably be ignored as positive collaborators. No real critic of the drama ever tries to kill a play, because he knows enough to know that a bad play will die a natural death if left to its own fate; but every real critic is always ready and eager to do his utmost to help a good play to succeed, because he knows that his proper business is to learn and to propagate the best that has been thought and said in the current theatre. Our professional reviewers are always watching and waiting for an opportunity to celebrate the discovery of something new and true behind the footlights; but this inviting adventure is impeded when the critic is expected, in such a week as that which contains a homely holiday like Christmas, to look in at no less than eleven new performances. No journalist could possibly be eloquent eleven times a week; and, upon the other hand, he is likely to grow restive if he is impeded from "taking his pen in hand" for an entire fortnight.

THE troubles of the critics, in themselves, are of no concern to the theatre-going public; but the merely "commercial" fact should be recorded that, whenever the professional reviewers are perturbed, their perturbation, as matters naturally fall, is passed on, by word of print, to the prospective patrons of the box-office. No "bad notice" can ever kill a play, if the piece be genuinely worthy of attention; but, on the other hand, a flock of "good notices" may bolster up the business of a current play at the outset of its run. If this fact be admitted, it is utterly unbusinesslike for the managers to expect eleven eager notices from overworked reviewers in a single week, or to expect an expression of enthusiasm, one week later, when the reviewers are offered nothing whatsoever to write about. The critic, like any other artist, is dependent on his subject-matter. When he is confronted with too many things to talk about at once, he is afflicted with the sort of confusion that overcame the mythic builders of the Tower of Babel; and when he is confronted with the journalistic task of filling his allotted space with much ado about nothing, he is also defeated in advance.

NEARLY all the first-class theatres in New York are controlled by two syndicates, headed by the Messrs. Shubert and the Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. There exists a general association of theatre managers for mutual protection against any unreasonable insurrection that might be instituted by any group of actors or of authors. In view of this accepted fact, why might it not be possible for the same managers to "get together" for the purpose of arranging a common and equitable schedule of new productions, so calendared that the critics and the public might be permitted to attend them without suffering the inconvenience of a clash in dates. Any child can figure out that New York has room upon its calendar for no less than four productions every week. Might not a representative committee of our managers arrange a schedule of non-conflicting dates selected, in advance, to satisfy this logical requirement of non-confliction; and would not this hypothetic schedule be more "commercial" in intention and more remunerative in result than the present haphazard and slip-shod arrangement of the calendar of theatre-going?

PROMINENT ARTISTES DEAD

Nat C. Goodwin.

NAT GOODWIN, the popular comedian, died in New York on January 31 last of an apoplectic stroke, the result of a general breakdown following an operation performed last December on his right eye.

Nathaniel C. Goodwin was born in Boston in 1857, and made his first appearance on any stage at the Howard Athenæum, that city, March 5, 1874, as a newsboy in "Law in New York." The following year he was seen for the first time in New York at Tony Pastor's as Ned Stryker in a vaudeville sketch. His first appearance on the regular stage took place at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, March 13, 1876, in "Off the Stage," in which he gave imitations of popular actors.

He next was engaged by Ed. E. Rice for "Evangeline," in which as Le Blanc he scored an enormous success. While under Rice's management he married Eliza Wethersby, with whom he starred in "Cruets," "Hobbies" and other pieces. The season of 1882-3 Mr. Goodwin was under his own management, appearing in such plays as "Cinderella in School," "The Mascot," "Olivette," "Bottom's Dream."

In 1887 the actor went to London, where he made a great hit as an English cockney in "The Bookmaker." More success in "A Gilded Fool" and "In Mizzoura" followed, and another hit was scored as Sir Lucius O'Trigger in "The Rivals." In 1899 he appeared as Nathan Hale, also with success, and this was followed by "The Cowboy and the Lady," "An American Citizen" and "When We Were Twenty-One." More recent appearances were as Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1903); "My Wife's Husbands" (1904); "The Beauty and the Barge" (1905); "The Genius" (1906); "The Easterner" (1908); "The Master Hand" (1910), and Fagin in "Oliver Twist" (1912). In 1898 he married Maxine Elliott, his third wife. They separated in 1908, and he married Edna Goodrich, who divorced him in 1910, Miss Margaret Moreland becoming the fifth Mrs. Goodwin in 1913.

Xavier Leroux.

A CABLEGRAM received in this city on February 3 from Paris announces the death in that city February 2 of Xavier Leroux, the well-known French composer, whose opera, "La Reine Fiammette," has just been produced at the Metropolitan.

Xavier Henry Napoleon Leroux was born at Rome in 1863. He won the Prix de Rome in 1885, and in 1896 was appointed Professor of Harmony at the Paris Conservatoire. His opera, "Evangeline," was first heard at the Théatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in 1895. His "Astarté" was given at the Paris Opera House in 1901. He also wrote the music for several productions, "Les Perses," "Cléopatre" and "La Montagne Enchantée," with André Messager.

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(Continued from page 170)

It is rather amusing that these frocks of *bébé* bodices and sashes and pleated white frills are intended not only for the very young and the very slender of figure, but for others not quite so young, nor yet so slender. They—the frocks—have been so cunningly fabricated that sizes forty and even forty-two, appear like perfect thirty-sixes.

If you insist, however, in the face of all these lures and baits, in remaining obdurate and refusing to be appealed to by the quaintness and picturesqueness of the new mode, there are other models for you. Fashion is really frightfully obliging nowadays. I am continually

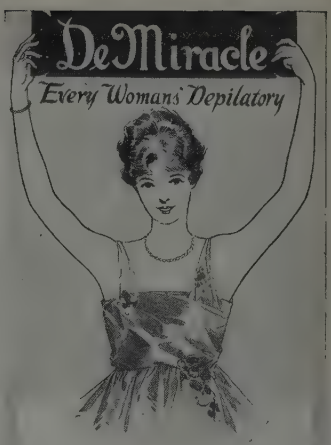
Miss Grace Valentine dashed into town late one Saturday night and back again to Boston Monday morning, where she is playing in "Lombardi, Ltd.," her rôle of "Daisy, the mannikin" made famous on Broadway. We liked so much her traveling costume of blue gaberdine with its white Satin Francaise vest that we asked for a photograph

astonished as to how obliging and broad-minded she is. We've been pinned down by her into grooves for so many, many, years, that we've still the habit of mind of thinking of her as a tyrant. We dont' realize, as yet, that the lady has progressed and grown along with other things, that she is no longer a tyrant. At worst a benevolent monarch.

The "other models" referred to are especially represented in the tricolettes, which are increasingly popular. These naturally must be made on long, slim, straight, lines. Their plain surfaces are made beautiful by embroidery of wool, heavy silk, or chenille, one of the latest notes in the pattern of this embroidery being long tree-like, flower stalks waving gracefully up from the hem. The all white tricolettes, embroidered in the white wool or chenille, are particularly charming. Tucks are also used on the tricolettes as on the organdies and voiles, but in a series of narrow inch-wide ones, rather than in wide.

* * *

There are some delightful sport suits in the heaviest and crinkliest of fibre silks: the skirt of some large, colorful, Scotch plaid—*with* a fringed sash of the material—and the belted jacket of plain color. A green and white plaid skirt, and plain green jacket, for instance, the cheeriest-o of white and black and red plaid skirts—*with* a sash—accompanying a black fibre silk jacket.



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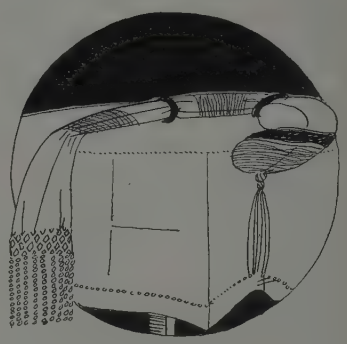
In "The Little Journey," at the Little Theatre, Miss Estelle Winwood departs on the trip carrying this chic "pocky hanky" in old blue, with a tiny border in white and a white initial—

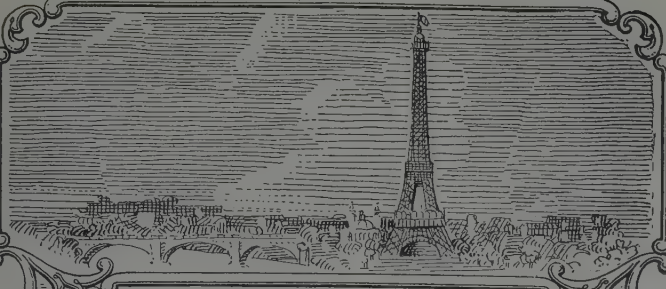
—and Miss Jobyna Howland, occupying an opposite section, on the car of this same little journey carries one similar to it, also in old blue, but bordered in black with a black initial



The very latest and most exclusive thing in purses, seen reposing on Miss Sophie Tucker's table in the "Sophie Tucker Room" at Reisinweber's,—a purse of heavy silk mesh in blue and red and grey, studded and tasseled with tiny steel beads

Miss Fannie Brice, when she sings her "vamp" song in the Nine o'Clock Ziegfeld Follies, wears a striking black satin princess gown that has these graceful black lace sleeves, weighted with jet tassels: they are the frock's only adornment outside, of course, of Miss Brice's own fair self

It's remarkable how just one small tassel can "point up" a costume! This one, for instance, at the left end of Miss Violet Kemble Cooper's motor scarf, an enchanting scarf of canary-colored chiffon worn with a canary vest in the enchanted wood of Barrie's enchanting play, "Dear Brutus," at the Empire



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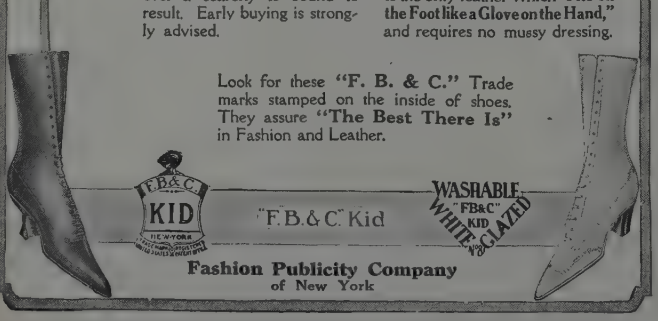

Fashion Publicity Company
of New York

Scene from "The Song of Lady Lotus Eyes," recently produced by the Plays & Players, of Philadelphia, with Robert A. Taylor, Mrs. H. K. Caner, Jr., and Nathalie E. Browne

THE PLAYS & PLAYERS CLUB

(*Continued from page* 165)

was given for the Flushing Lyceum, Flushing, N. Y., February, 1916.

Plays and Players has produced an average of twenty plays each season giving upwards of fifty performances per annum and the increasing demands upon the club's crowded quarters furthered the organization's desire to have a Little Theatre of its own. A plot centrally located was purchased and plans made for converting the property into a building suitable for the club's purposes. The entry of the United States into the war put a stop to this enterprise but now that peace is here, the organization expects to proceed with its building in the very near future. The plans call for a stage sixty-four feet wide by twenty-five feet deep with an opening of thirty feet, and the auditorium, seating approximately five hundred, by a simple process may be transformed into a level floor. Several rehearsal rooms, library, kitchen and office are provided for and the general scheme of the architecture is of the Elizabethan period.

Plays and Players has never produced commercially, being supported entirely by the dues of its members, but it is hoped that with the completion of its Play House the usual performances will be given for its members each month followed by one week to the public at a nominal charge; and the balance of the month to be open to the booking of special attractions.

THREE Oriental plays were presented at the Little Theatre in Philadelphia, the week of December 16, 1918, "The Song of Lady Lotus Eyes," a Japanese idyl, by Benjamin Allen Purrington; "A Dear Little Wife," a Japanese comedy by Gerald Dunn and "The Willow Pattern Plate," a Chinese legend in six episodes presented in the Chinese manner. The scenery was specially built and the costumes were from the private collection of Frederick Poole. This presentation is considered one of the most artistic, Plays and Players has ever accomplished and if one seeks for reasons why it was so well received the explanation must be that during its eight years of effort, serious study and painstaking adherence to detail has been the slogan of the organization.

IN addressing his poem "The Actor," to his friend Bonnel Thornton, Robert Lloyd touches on the difficulty of teaching the art of acting, and while admitting that certain general principles may be laid down, he considers that the best method of applying these must be discovered by the theatrical aspirant himself. He says:

"Acting, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no observance of mechanic laws;
No settled maxims of a favorite stage,
No rules delivered down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.

Perfection's top with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain
The play'r's profession (though I hate the phrase;
'Tis so mechanic in these modern days);
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start;
Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face;
The mind untouched, what is it but grimace?
To this one standard make your just appeal.
Here lies the golden secret: Learn to feel.
Or fool or monarch, happy or distrest,
No actor pleases that is not *possessed.*"

Feeling is not everything as Lloyd acknowledges further on when he says:

"The player's promise they but vainly try
Who want these powers—Deportment, Voice and Eye."

THOSE who are responsible for the accomplishments of Plays and Players believe that not only must the actor "Learn to feel" but so must the director. The make-up, costuming, setting and lighting must all be harmonious and in accord. The proper atmosphere must be created.

Plays and Players have produced many plays during the past eight years by such representative authors as: Lady Gregory, Suderman, Yeats, Schnitzler, J. M. Barrie, Middleton, Strindberg, Beulah Marie Dix, Debussy, Houghton, Noyes, Vrehlicky, Brieux, Dunsany, Mapes, Sutro, Grundy, J. Palmer, Elizabeth Baker, and Tchekoff.

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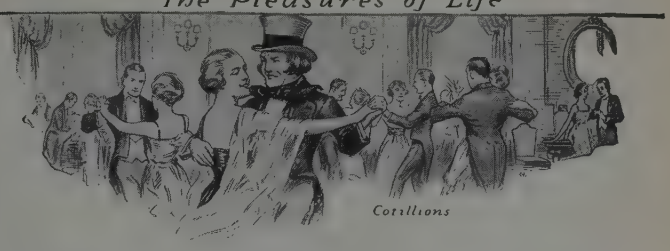

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All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

We Know How to End Film

This is not written to ask you to buy something. It is to ask you to test something which dentists have thoroughly tested. And to see what it does for your teeth, at our cost.

You are not keeping teeth clean by old methods. Doubtless you know that. You find that teeth discolor, find that tartar forms. A dental cleaning must occasionally remove it. And millions who brush teeth twice daily do not prevent decay or pyorrhea.

Dental authorities know that the reason lies in a slimy film. It is ever present, ever forming. It clings to the teeth; it gets into crevices, hardens and stays, and resists the tooth brush.

That film causes most tooth troubles. It absorbs stains, and the teeth look discolored. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. Dentists call the film "bacterial plaque." Those germs, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, and of many other troubles.

Your present methods do not end that film. A new method does combat it in a most efficient way. It is now embodied in a dainty dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we ask you to prove it out.

Prove This At Our Cost

Dental authorities have put Pepsodent to many sorts of clinical tests. Its efficiency is now beyond question. The results are so clear, so conspicuous, that anyone will realize them at once. We urge you to watch them on your own teeth for ten days, then draw your own conclusions.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of pepsin is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Heretofore this method seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. But science has lately found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, has revolutionized teeth cleaning. It has conquered our greatest tooth enemy.

Judge this for yourself. Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

This test costs you nothing. It will be a revelation. And it may save vast discomfort, both to you and yours.

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

(*Continued from page* 138)

Carlo Hackett, whose début in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was good enough to stop the performance after his first floridly racing air.

But—enough of opera; now for the concerts. We went to hear Josef Hofmann, being interested both in the pianist and the nerve he disclosed in his willingness to play an all-American program. It was a good one, too. A trifle more musical solidity and he could have palmed it off—with Schumann, Chopin and other names inserted for those who actually wrote the compositions—for an array of previously undiscovered "seconds" of the yesteryear masters. One work, a sonata by a Milwaukeean named Alexander McFadyen, was a truly splendid work.

Jascha Heifetz has been back with us again, with his fiddle and his masterly art; and that other boy wizard of the bow—Toscha Seidel. Toscha gave us the Mendelssohn concerto with just enough restraint to his impetuosity to make his interpretation great. Jacques Thibaud did a few things worthy of notice in his joint appearance with Harold Bauer, and the scholastic pianist was pedagogically his true self. We bowed also, though less enthusiastically, to Mischa Elman's playing at a Metropolitan Opera House Sunday evening concert. Mischa has great talent, but alas too irrepressible a desire to play to the gallery. We were keenly disappointed in Efrem Zimbalist's Carnegie Hall recital; he was far from his best form, for here is a distinguished violinist when his capacities are unimpaired. Young Raoul Vidas has been playing with symphony orchestras, in a straightforward style one admires. Another excellent, though scarcely as yet great, fiddler commands respect—Samuel Gardner.

IN pianistic pastures there has been much grazing. Leopold Godowsky descended upon us for the first time in months to play one of his intellectually stimulating recitals. We were warmed, and moved, by Yolando Mero's performance which had fire and vigor and poise. Ossip Gabrilowitsch always interests. His *finesse* and musicianship were salient excellences in his appearance; but it took Guimar Novaes's playing of the C minor Saint-Saëns concerto, with the Philharmonic, to really move us. Ethel Leginska proved her muscular preëminence among manipulators of the keyboard, and was not infrequently admirable. So was Percy Grainger, when he doffed his soldier apparel for a single appearance at a Philharmonic program. Rudolph Ganz played for us—carefully, with polish. And Arthur Shattuck demonstrated again that he is one of America's substantial pianists. Arthur Loesser played in that unassuming manner sensible folk like, as did Olga Samaroff in her appearance at the Society of Friends of Music concert in the Ritz. Fifteen-year-old Madeleine Brard, who won a Paris Conservatoire first prize, made an interesting début and disclosed a fine talent. We had with us, as well, Sarah Sokolsky-Fried and Hyman Rovinsky, both well intentioned and sincere. John Powell played a heavy program in his authoritative way and Philip Gordon asked our consideration of his uncommon abilities.

AMONG the singers were Anna Case, eye-appealing and smooth of voice; and Alma Gluck, with her talented husband Efrem Zimbalist playing the accompaniments in masterful style. But Mme. Gluck was not in voice and was consequently unequal to her usually most agreeable self. Hulda Lashanska once more convinced us that she has a lovely voice and charming personality; and Emma Roberts's fine mezzo-soprano and restrained ways put another spoke in the wheel for American singers. Vahrah Hanbury disclosed a sympathetic lyric soprano and possibilities for the future—which may come likewise to Genia Fornariova, rightly coached as to technique and art. John McCormack sang straight into the hearts of his multitudinous hearers in the Hippodrome but Adelaide Fischer chose the smaller Salon Chalif for her intimate soprano interpretations. We liked John Quine, a most promising baritone; and we were really enthused over the Mozart singing of Lambert Murphy. A negro tenor with a sympathetic though throaty voice is Roland W. Hayes; but he has genuine musical feeling.

There was an All-American gala concert at the Hippodrome at which our native singers were represented in force.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

AT a time like this, when the thoughts of millions of Americans are turned upon the inevitable separations, and memories crowd in upon us of days of early childhood, the number *"Songs My Mother Taught Me"* is highly appropriate. Who does not know and love Dvorak's song from the "Gypsy Songs," *"Songs My Mother Taught Me"*? And who, knowing it, will not be glad to hear Fritz Kreisler play it? As a song it is beautiful, but played with the exquisite tone which Kreisler produces from his violin, the melody alone without the words seems better.

The increased number of dance records issued this month is the natural Victor response to a real need. The reaction from the war has set in, and people feel free to dance as never before. A novel feature is introduced into *"Head Over Heels"* in the shape of two pianos, played by Hugo Frey and Frank Banta. The medley includes *"The Big Show"* and *"Head Over Heels,"* two of Jerome Kern's most sparkling melodies. Carroll's *"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"* introduces *"Typical Topical Tunes"* and the title piece, making a corking good fox trot. *"Till We Meet Again,"* by Richard A. Whiting, is the first offering of an orchestra new to Victor dancers—Nicholas Orlando's orchestra. It is a full-blooded string orchestra possessing exceptional brilliance of tone. *"In the Land of Beginning Again"* (*Where Broken Dreams Come True*) is a tender but optimistic song that should bring balm to many a weary heart. The chimes in the accompaniment are an added delight to the record.

—*Adv.*

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

F. F. V., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—Can you suggest some school where I may receive competent instruction in classical dancing?

A.—Florence Fleming Noyes, 220 Madison Avenue, New York City.

G. B. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Do you know of any Marionette theatres in New York City?

A.—We believe there are several marionette shows down in little Italy. You can get full information about Tony Sarg's Marionettes from Mr. Sarg himself, Flatiron Building.

S. A. A., Jersey City, N. J.—Q.—I am very desirous of obtaining the addresses of a few reliable theatrical agencies in New York City. Could you furnish me with these?

A.—Bijou Fernandez, 214 West 42d Street; Chamberlain Brown, Inc., 1482 Broadway, and Packard Theatrical Exchange, Broadway and 39th Street.

Miss O. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Are there any numbers of your magazine which contain scenes from "A Kiss for Cinderella" with Maude Adams? 2. Where could I procure a good photograph of her?

A.—Four scenes in "A Kiss for Cinderella" appeared in our February, 1917 issue (price 40c). 2. An excellent full-page personal picture of Maude Adams was in the September, 1917 issue (40c). If you wish an original photograph of Miss Adams, you can purchase it from Sarony, Inc., Fifth Avenue and 35th Street, New York City.

J. W. J., Rochester, N. Y.—Q.—Kindly inform me when Ethel Barrymore appeared in "The Lady of the Camellias." 2. What is the name of the playwright or playwrights who wrote the drama?

A.—Ethel Barrymore opened at the Empire Theatre on December 24, 1917, in "The Lady of the Camellias." 2. It is a version by Edward Sheldon of Alexander Dumas' (*fils*) play. A review of it appeared in our February, 1918, issue.

C. B. H., Chattanooga, Tenn.—Q.—Please inform me as to bound volumes of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Are they sold only in sets? Quote price each and per set.

A.—Bound volumes of the THEATRE MAGAZINE may be obtained, a year at a time—or in the full set—from the first number to date. The price per year varies according to the year—1901 is $30, while 1917 is $8.50. Prior to 1909 the THEATRE MAGAZINE was bound one volume to the year, but beginning with 1909 it has been bound two volumes to the year.

H. R. H., Hotel Savoy.—Q.—Can you tell me who the leading actress was in "Within the Law"? Did Margaret Illington ever play in it, either here or on the road? Or was it Miss Nash or Jane Cowl?

A.—Margaret Illington played the lead in "Within the Law" in the West. Jane Cowl originated the rôle in New York, but there were ten road companies playing the piece after its New York run. Clara Joel headed one of the casts on tour.

A. S. H., Haydenville, Mass.—Q.—Can you inform me where I would be likely to find a list of present prominent players?

A.—"Who's Who in the Theatre," published by Small, Maynard & Co.

G. K. B., Jamestown, N. Y.—Q.—Has Browning's "Pippa Passes" ever been dramatized or played in New York? If so, in what number of your magazine was it reviewed?

A.—A short review of "Pippa Passes," as presented Nov. 12, 1906, at the Majestic Theatre, New York, appeared in our December, 1906, issue (price, $1.00).

J. M. T., Oneida, N. Y.—Q.—Will you please give me the address of White, the photographer?

A.—White Studio, 1546 Broadway, New York City.

E. B., Northampton, Mass.—Q.—In which issues are there pictures of Ethel Barrymore as she appears to-day? 2. Can I obtain these numbers?

A.—There is a full page picture of Miss Barrymore as America in the December, 1918 issue. In the July, 1917 number there is a full page picture of her with her two children; in February, 1916 an article about her with a personal sketch, and in December, 1915 there are several small pictures of her in "Our Mrs. McChesney." The price of the 1918 issue is 35c and the 1917 number is 40c. 2. We shall be pleased to send them to you on receipt of your remittance.

D. E. K., Dover, O.—Q.—Kindly give a sketch of the career of Marie Callahan?

A.—Marie Callahan played an entire season in New York without being seen. She was one of the dancing bears in "Chin Chin" when Montgomery and Stone played that piece. When "Chin Chin" was sent on the road, Miss Callahan was given the part of Fan Tan and with Harland Dixon as a partner performed an acrobatic dance. Now, again as Mr. Dixon's partner, she does a dancing specialty in "The Canary."

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

LOVERS of symphony music have enshrined forever Leo Delibes, French master of ballet melody, who in 1876 composed the famous "Sylvia" music. What therefore could be more fitting than that the French Symphony Orchestra—the famous century-old organization of the Paris Conservatory—should play a magnificent double record of the immortal *"Sylvia Ballet."* Only French musicians could interpret this music as it can be heard rendered on this new record—it is indeed an achievement by the Columbia Company to have secured so happy a combination.

Toscha Seidel—artist without a peer—plays *"Traumerei"* for this month's group of Columbia records. And to hear it played by Toscha Seidel is to hear violin music such as you have never dreamed could exist.

Two ever new, ever loved old favorites are grouped together on one of the new Columbia records which Miss Barbara Maurel has made with the able assistance of the Columbia Stellar Quartette. *"Old Black Joe"* and *"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"* are indeed well known. The exquisite voice of Miss Maurel renders full justice to the melody, while the famous Columbia Stellar Quartette comes in with the harmony in true Dixie fashion. —*Adv.*

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

WHEN BROADWAY FAVORITES SAW THEMSELVES AS OTHERS SEE THEM

THE private projection room in the Candler Building was hardly large enough to hold the eager and enthusiastic players, most of whom were going to see themselves on the screen for the first time. The showing of the first four pictures of a series of twelve, produced under the auspices of the Stage Women's War Relief, was the occasion for the select gathering of which Mrs. Louise Closser Hale, Vice-President of the organization acted as hostess. Before the actual showing of the pictures commenced the atmosphere was that of a sparkling pink tea. Actors and actresses who had held undisturbed sway on the stage for years, were accused by colleagues of having stage fright and actually admitted the truth of the assertion. David Bispham blithely informed a group of friends that he was "going to see himself sing."

Bruce McRae proved himself a helpful guest for he made himself generally useful by procuring seats for the late arrivals.

The person who said professional people were usually jealous of each other should have been present. Everyone showed as much and more interest in the work of their fellow players as in their own. The first picture to be shown was "Winning His Wife," in which Cyril Maude and Violet Heming had the leading parts. Mrs. Sam Harris was also included in the cast and proved herself of the stuff screen stars are made. When the sub-title comprising the wife's plea that her husband accompany her to hear David Bispham sing, was flashed, the little group around the famous singer laughed at his discomfort which grew even more pronounced when he saw himself on the screen.

THE great David Belasco himself was a feature of the second picture, "A Star Over Night," written by Ann Irish who was seeing her story for the first time at the showing. It was interesting to see the master of the stage actually directing his players in a stage production, before the eyes of the camera. There were many present who had been under his direction scores of times and they gasped at the reality of his performance.

"Why," explained one, "I feel as if I were attending a rehearsal in the Belasco Theatre." Bruce McRae portrayed the part of a young playwright, and as he was introduced on the screen, the film snapped unexpectedly. "Oh, Bruce!" came a stage whisper from somewhere in the dark:

"I never thought that you'd actually break the camera," and the actor in question joined in the general laugh that echoed throughout the darkened room.

NEXT came "The Mad Woman," featuring Nance O'Neil. The story dealt with the Russia of before the war, and the famous actress was magnificent in her portrayal of the peasant girl. Tharmara Swirskaya, the famous Russian dancer, danced in the banquet scene in the production.

The last picture, "The Honorable Cad," drew a sigh from all present as the popular young actor, Shelley Hull, whose recent death was a severe shock to the theatrical world, appeared in the title rôle. In the cast were Edmund Breese and Phœbe Foster, who was Mr. Hull's leading lady in one of the most popular plays ever produced, "The Cinderella Man."

Tharmara Swirskaya, famous Russian dancer; Alfred Hickman and Nance O'Neil in "The Mad Woman"

AN invited but not unwelcome guest was Mrs. E. H. Harriman who had come to view another picture in the building. When the showing was over she inquired "And when are you going to show the other picture?"

When she realized she had made a mistake she declared she wouldn't have foregone the pleasure of seeing any of the four pictures just shown for all the other films in the world.

The pictures are each two reels in length and prints for general release are now being prepared in the Universal laboratories. Universal was selected as the distributing medium by the Stage Women's War Relief, but all the proceeds derived from the pictures will be used for the war relief work done by the organization. The plots of the plays were unusual and interesting and the pictures were accorded a splendid ovation by the stage people whose long experience should prove them good critics.

Cyril Maude and Violet Heming in "Winning His Wife"

Among those present were: Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly, Rachel Crothers, Ann Irish, Mrs. Oscar Eagle, Mrs. Otis Skinner, Bruce McRae, David Bispham, Gladys Morris, Elisabeth Risdon, Louise Closser Hale, Cathleen Nesbitt, Hilda Spong, Mrs. Nate Rothschild, Mrs. Sam Harris, Paul Gilmore, Phoebe Foster, Major and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Daisy Humphreys, Tharmara Swirskaya and Mr. and Mrs. E. Spitz.

Phoebe Foster and the late Shelley Hull in "An Honorable Cad"

THE CECIL B. DEMILLE COLLECTION

Described by HECTOR ALLIOT

Doctor of Science, Director of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

IT is not open to the public. Probably not more than two dozen people have ever seen it. It is in a place where no one would dream of finding a collection of the sort. Yet it is one of the most complete and valuable collections of curios, historical objects and art products in this country. It is owned by Cecil B. deMille, a man who has been instrumental in raising photoplay production to the dignity of an art, and whose creations for the screen are distinguished by the touch of the master. The collection is housed in his private office at the Lasky studio at Hollywood, Cal.

The contents of his office are no more surprising than the office itself. In a little low wooden building at the exterior border of the studio the visitor comes upon a doorway that strikes the eye instantly because of its dissimilarity to the rest of the structure. Two antique lanterns hang over this doorway, which is of Gothic design, flanked by two Gothic windows of leaded panes. A quaint old English inn is the association that springs to the mind.

One who has a preconceived idea of what an office is or should be is still more taken aback by the interior. The room is probably forty feet long. The ceiling is arched and raftered, and the entire interior is in dark oak, all in the Norman-Gothic period. Arched windows, with frosted leaded panes, dimly light the interior. When the door is closed, one is three hundred years away from the studio, from the modern world. A place of isolation and quiet, a place for thinking and creating.

THE imagination is tempted to use this office as a fanciful setting for great things of the past. The atmosphere is pregnant with the melancholy of masterpieces. In this calm place of perpetual twilight Shakespeare might have dreamed of Hamlet, Goethe might have conceived Faust, Ibsen might have designed the solemn structure of Brand....

About the walls, on the floor and half hidden in the dim corners are ranged the objects that Mr. deMille has collected. The producer has two motives in gathering the curios which surround him as he plans his pictures. The first is the inborn desire of the lover of the curious and the beautiful, and the second is his artistic sense, which demands realism, whenever it can be secured, in the "properties" used in the special productions he makes.

Many of the almost priceless articles in the collection were purchased solely for use in staging his productions. Others were bought for their own sake, and for many of them a practical use was later found.

Because the collection does not exist for exhibition or for show, it has never been catalogued. The things are there because Mr. deMille uses them or likes them; they are not for public inspection.

DR. Hector Alliot, Director of the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles, and an archæologist of wide reputation, knew from hearsay of the collection, and recently made a visit to the studio in order to see it. At this time Dr. Alliot described to the present writer many of the more unusual objects, and this paper is based on his discussions. A tour of the office and a complete examination of the articles housed there would take several days, and a description of them would make a fair sized book. Consequently only a few are spoken of here.

At the far end of the office, opposite the outer door, is the fireplace. This is an exact model of the fireplace of the palace of Charles VII., at Chinon, where Joan of Arc came to the king with the story of her visions. While not an original, it is historically valuable as an exact replica. While staging "Joan the Woman," Mr. deMille used a setting in which an imitation of the Chinon fireplace was used. He was so taken with the beauty of its lines that he had one constructed in stone, and this is the one that now occupies the end of the office. It is a practical structure, and on the rare cold afternoons it is filled with merrily blazing logs.

The andirons are of Spanish make, early sixteenth century. Each of them has two branches at the top, a small and a large. The large ones hold pots, and the smaller ones are intended for torches.

Over at the other side of the room is an old Spanish treasure chest, date about 1510. The locks of this are very nearly as complicated as those of a modern safe, and show a high degree of mechanical ingenuity. This chest was used, incidentally, in one of Mr. deMille's recent Artcraft pictures, "Don't Change Your Husband."

ON the wall are swords of various periods and nationalities, every one of which has historical interest. They cannot be described for lack of space. At the wall to the right are three guns, all sixteenth century, but coming from different parts of the world. There is a French hunting gun, and an Arabian musket, as well as a Chinese gun. All are constructed on the match-lock principle.

Hanging from the rafters at either side of the chest are two weapons of peculiar interest, for although they come from opposite ends of the earth, they are almost exactly similar in construction and use. One is the Bola, used by natives of Patagonia for catching ostriches and small cattle. It consists of three balls attached to long cords, joined at the upper end. The weapon is hurled around until it acquires a centrifugal momentum, and it is then released. The balls wind the cords around the feet of the animal, rendering it helpless.

The other is on similar design. This is the Eskimo device for catching penguins, eider ducks and similar fowl. It is made from walrus hide, and the balls at the ends are carved from walrus tusks.

Mr. deMille has a great many curios of the American Indian. One of these is a Navajo belt carved from silver. A companion piece to this is a silver arching armlet. This is worn on the left wrist, and prevents the flesh being injured by the passing arrow. These two articles are carved in designs which are modifications of the diamond, which, says Dr. Alliot, is a favorite Navajo design. He also detects Spanish influence in the decoration of these articles.

ANOTHER very valuable Indian curio is a Chimaya blanket. It is interesting to note that the dyes in these blankets are absolutely permanent—not even muriatic acid will fade them. The method of their manufacture has been puzzling to scientists for years, and Dr. Alliot reports that he worked twelve years on the problem, finally discovering that they were made with the juice of the saponca, or soap weed.

Weapons of various nations form a great portion of the collection. Besides those described, there are bows and arrows of Eskimo origin, a Samurai bow and quiver of eighteenth century make, an interesting Eskimo harpoon for catching fish, a club made of a walrus tusk and two Japanese police wands.

Above the door are two carved walrus tusks, of Eskimo origin. They are engraved in picture-writing, and narrate important events of the carver's life. These tusks are first etched, Dr. Alliot explained, and burnt bone is then rubbed into the cuts, blackening them. On the walls are seen swords and pistols. The pistols are of early American origin, all flint-locks. Below them is visible a sword, of Roman make, dating from the third century.

MR. deMILLE has also an interesting collection of ivories, one of the most beautiful pieces of which is a delicately carved representation of Maya, the mother of the gods in the Hindu cosmology. It stands about eight inches high, and is elaborately decorated with the various symbols of the Buddhist religion.

Other interesting possessions are the double sword used by Takagawa, commander of the emperor's palace in the early sixteenth century, and the palanquin belonging to the same gentleman.

The latter article has been loaned to the Southwest Museum, where the whole collection may be housed some day when Mr. deMille can be persuaded to part with it. These articles Mr. deMille secured from Japan.

Space forbids the description of other interesting articles in the collection. An enumeration of some of them, however, will give an idea of their variety.

Among them are a mastodon tooth, a fork used on missionaries by cannibals in the South Sea, a Siberian inlaid silver pipe, a pair of Mexican cock-fighting spurs, a Bornean carpenter's instrument, a Hindu Buddhist shrine, and scores of guns, pistols and swords.

The collection is heterogeneous, to be sure, yet its arrangement is so artistically composed that there are perceptibly no jarring notes of incongruity, no evidence of poor taste. Mr. deMille is an artist, with a sense of form and position, and his office, if we must call it an office, is an artistic creation.

De Maupassant has said that if we would know the very kernel of a man's soul we must study not what he writes or says, but the surroundings he has built for his habitation. And as an artist Mr. deMille need fear no unflattering discoveries.

For his office, as we have said, is a place built for the creation of masterpieces.

Annabel Leigh, pampered child of wealth, traveling with her father among his Western mines, finds herself actually in danger of violence at the hands of the furious miners

But hark! Here comes the hero, well disguised as a cave-man, to carry her off to be married. Fortunately the minister received his fee before Annabel's father reappeared and spirited her away to the East

A huge monthly cheque was her only reminder—and even it wasn't big enough to keep the extravagant Annabel out of debt. Her milliners threatened "attachments"

One day, just as things reached a climax, a hero, John Rawson, appears, and pays her lunch check and buys her orchids and otherwise makes himself useful

Notwithstanding, however, she "hires out" one day, as cook to a broker she thinks out of town—taking with her some friends to masquerade, too

And here we have the Wimbledon broker himself, who, it transpires, is urgently in need of two shares of stock—Annabel had them for a wedding present from her nearly-forgotten cave-man husband—but she has sold them since

And so Annabel, whose conscience has awakened at last, is able to get them from him—meaning to return them to her husband. She does not know that Rawson is watching

And it turns out that her Cave-man and Rawson are one and the same. She finds him there at the Cave, where she goes to return his stock—and all's well that ends well, and she *doesn't* have to go back to Reno

GOOD GRACIOUS, ANNABEL!

BILLIE BURKE'S NEWEST PARAMOUNT PICTURE, TAKEN FROM CLARE KUMMER'S PLAY AND ADAPTED FOR SCREEN USE BY ADRIAN GIL-SPEAR

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to January 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "Here Comes the Bride"
*Enid Bennett *in* "Fuss and Feathers"
Billie Burke *in* "The Make-Believe Wife"
Lina Cavalieri *in* "A Woman of Impulse"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Little Miss Hoover"
Ethel Clayton *in* "The Mystery Girl"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "Quicksand"
Pauline Frederick *in* "Out of the Shadow"
Dorothy Gish *in* "The Hope Chest"
Lila Lee *in* "The Secret Garden"
Vivian Martin *in* "Jane Goes A-Wooing"
John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex *in* "Good Bye Bill"
*Charles Ray *in* "String Beans"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Dub"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Venus in the East"

Paramount-Artcraft Special

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" *with* Private Harold Peat
"Sporting Life" Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book) a Wm. A. Brady Production
"The False Faces" A Thomes H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso *in* "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan *in* "Hit the Trail Holiday"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Dont Change Your Husband"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "His Parisian Wife"
D. W. Griffith's Production "A Romance of Happy Valley"
*William S. Hart *in* "Branding Broadway"
Mary Pickford *in* "Johanna Enlists"
Fred Stone *in* "Under the Top"

*Supervision of Thos. H. Ince

Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Camping Out"
Paramount-Mack-Sennet Comedies "Cupid's Day Off" "Never Too Old"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Impropaganda"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew *in* Paramount-Drew Comedies
Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

"You wouldn't know the Old Town now!"

TIME cannot blur some recollections. If you've ever *lived* around a small town, your memory needs no photograph of what it looked like *then*. Seen the Old Town *lately*?

Or any other of ten thousand and more like it throughout America—any day or night in the week?

No, the "P. O." is no more the hub of all rural life. The 7:20 mail is no longer the big excitement out where they still breathe fresh air and own broad acres. Much more going on than the "Annual County Fair" or the good old Church Social.

In these times, whenever "Jones, the Farmer" hankers after a couple of hours' laughs and thrills, he goes just where "Brown, the City Banker" goes. And he sees just as fine motion pictures as Mr. Manhattan can see at Broadway's toniest theatre.

Just as fine, because just the same pictures!

The famous productions distributed by the famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

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—Broader, Happier Life to Every Man, Woman and Child.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

ROBERT ANDERSEN ON "MENTAL MAKE-UP"

ROBERT ANDERSEN first came into prominence through his depiction of Monsieur Cuckoo in "Hearts of the World."

Mr. Andersen has the faculty of making one remember his work long after the picture has been seen. In "Hearts of the World," for instance, his part was not the lead, and yet it is remembered, when the story of that picture is entirely forgotten.

This, in acting, is about the same thing as the "test of time" is to literature. When you see the picture you may think that this or that person is an excellent actor; how will you feel about it in two weeks? With Andersen you are more conscious of it when it has become stored in the memory than at the moment of perception.

AND the secret of his success, as the bromidiacs would say, is what he calls "Mental Make-Up." At least he says it is the secret, and it is presumed that he knows his own methods. Here is his theory:

"I am told to play a Frenchman. Very well. Shall I put on a goatee and some grease paint, achieve a thorough resemblance to the character I am to present as far as exterior things go? Or shall I also try to *feel* like a Frenchman? The latter, it seems to me, is the logical procedure.

"What distinguishes a Frenchman from an American? It isn't only physical appearance, for if you analyze a French crowd and an English crowd you will discover that in features, dress, etc., they look very much alike. Yet there is always a difference, perceptible even to the most unobservant.

"That difference is not in the dress, in the shape of the face, in the style of the whiskers, but in the mental attitude—the temperament, if you like. It is that thing that enables you to recognize a Russian, an Irishman, or a Swede, though they may be all dressed alike.

"Very well, then. When an actor intends to portray a character should he not try to capture the essential, rather than the inessentials?

HERE'S a practical application of the theory. When I am playing a Frenchman, and there are lines for me to speak in the scene, I always speak them in French. And if I am playing a Swede, I talk Swedish. Not a word

ROBERT ANDERSEN

of English did I speak during the filming of 'Hearts of the World.' I talked French; that made me feel like a Frenchman, and consequently I acted like a Frenchman. That's all there was to my interpretation of Monsieur Cuckoo.

"When I first did it in the studio everyone laughed at me. But Mr. Griffith said: 'That's great. Keep it up.' And the popular reception given to the character proved that he was right.

"Before I leave my dressing-room to go on the stage I always sit down for half an hour or so and concentrate on my part. I don't bother to think of little details, such as the use of the hands, the carriage of the body. I try to feel like the character I am playing. If I can succeed in feeling like him, the motions will come all the more naturally. I don't have to think of what to do. I think of being a farm-hand, say, and then I act like a farm-hand. That's all there is to it."

In the Salvation Army picture Mr. Andersen has the rôle of Luke, a farm-hand on a little New England farm. He is stupid, slow, but extremely good-hearted.

THE facts of Mr. Andersen's career possess a certain interest for those who are curious as to how people get a chance to get into pictures. He was born in Denmark, in a little city named Odense near Copenhagen. He tried to get on the stage in Europe, but he was totally unsuccessful. He tells me that in order to succeed as an actor one has to be recommended by a famous actor or by the King. As Mr. Andersen had only a bowing acquaintance with the King of Denmark, and knew actors only from beyond the footlights, he gave up his ambitions and came to America.

He had a period of tremendous hard luck in New York, very nearly starved, did odd jobs and finally went to Los Angeles.

"Where have you worked before?" he was asked when he applied for a job. He was forced to confess that he had never worked before. "That doesn't make any difference," said the producer. "Would you like to sign up with me for a year?" That was all there was to it.

Mr. Andersen played a small rôle at first. He also appeared with Fairbanks in "The Lamb" and "Double Trouble," and with Sir Herbert Tree in "Macbeth" and the all-star production of "Old Folks at Home."

HUGO RIESENFELD

THE story of Hugo Riesenfeld and his successes in music and the arts of the theatre is really the story of a little finger, a very short, stubby little finger.

It was almost twenty-eight years before Mr. Riesenfeld became the managing director of the Rialto and Rivoli theatres in Broadway that the finger, that very ambitious fifth finger on his right hand came into his career.

Young Master Riesenfeld in black velvet jacket and wide white collar, at the ripe age of ten years, presented himself to Professor Gruen for admission to the Academy of Music in Vienna. Young Riesenfeld declared himself for a mastery of the violin and he had sought the great teacher of Franz Kneisel as evidence of his serious intent.

Professor Gruen was very intent and serious. He listened, then examined the boy's hands.

Gruen shook his head. "No it is impossible that you should ever be a violinist, the fingers—see—they are too short—you must be able to reach—thus." He illustrated, fingering the boy's violin.

Photo Arnold Genthe

HUGO RIESENFELD

But it is said that folks with stubby fingers have lines of determination in their character. Anyway Hugo Riesenfeld seven years later was graduated from the Academy of Music in Vienna, a recognized master of the violin. And about that short fifth finger—marvel of marvels—constant and persistent effort and practice had made it grow a good half inch longer than its brother on the other hand and the impossible had been accomplished.

Life in the art and musical colony of Vienna was a wonderful thing then. It seems that Mr. Riesenfeld had thoughtfully arranged his coming into the world at just the right time. There was a little coterie of musical chums, all young and abundantly and carelessly ambitious, all destined to a share in fame. There was Bodansky, now conductor at the Metropolitan, just a few squares down the street from Riesenfeld's beloved Rialto. There was Schoernberg—just Schoernberg then, but now known to a whole world of music as the most modern of all modern composers, the inventor of cacophony and Heaven knows what else ab-

strusely musical. There was the great Zemlimsky, not so great then, but to-day known to fame as the director of the opera house in Prague.

Bodansky, Schoernberg, Zemlinsky, Riesenfeld, what a quartette of destiny! Together they worked at their play and played at their work. They performed compositions together, before the ink was yet dry that have to-day become established masterpieces and subjects of a world-wide adoration. They were just bits of casual composition for them. They did not perhaps realize just how modern that Schoernberg person was, then.

* * *

"It was just the other day," observed Mr. Riesenfeld, "that I heard the Flonzaley quartette playing a thing just introduced as a remarkable novelty, which Bodansky and I played together the very night that it was put on paper in our studio in Vienna."

Plainly if one is to be a musician, there is nothing like being born at about the right time in the vicinity of Vienna.

Great days for that fiddling flock of talented youngsters. Any considerable amount of detailed information is not available now, but once in awhile when Riesenfeld gets very tired and lets go for a few moments in his fawn-colored office with the dimmed lights, he recalls with sketchy phrases some of those rambles in the Austrian Alps in summer. There is a touch of musician's wistfulness in the mention and his evasive words conjure up pictures of black-haired, black-eyed girls in kirtle and bodice pouring big mugs of cold milk for thirsty and perhaps romantic-looking young wayfarers of tuneful demeanor.

All of which has led us a considerable distance from the matter of Hugo Riesenfeld's ultimate destiny.

* * *

Dame Fortune was persistently after him. It was at a concert in Vienna that this young man with the ambitious fifth finger played so skilfully that Gustav Mahler, then director of the Vienna Opera House, forthwith engaged him as first violin and conductor of the ballet. It was during this engagement that Mr. Riesenfeld composed and presented his ballet entitled "Chopin's Dances."

And all the while Riesenfeld was growing in the experiences of life and art, "coloring his meerschaum" as it were, with the joyous adventures of colorful Vienna. The able young violinist was a part of that color, a part of that life. Think, will you, of the richness and fullness of having Johann Strauss, the Strauss of "Blue Danube" fame, the Strauss of all those celebrated Viennese waltzes for a friend and neighbor!

One might have expected that Hugo Riesenfeld would have stayed in his native Vienna for all the rest of his ardent life. But no—two magnificently typical Americans kidnapped him, just by the magnetism of their fame. Theodore Roosevelt and P. T. Barnum brought Hugo Riesenfeld to New York.

It has been previously understood that Mr. Riesenfeld was brought to New York for an engagement with the Metropolitan. But that is only for persons who seek superficial facts. If it had not been for P. T. Barnum and Theodore Roosevelt Broadway would never have seen Hugo Riesenfeld, with his velour hat and velour manners.

* * *

"Those men spelled America to me," admits Mr. Riesenfeld. "Barnum was held up to us as the most wonderful thing in all the world, a stupendous personality of—what do you call it 'a bunk.' And then Theodore Roosevelt, we young men there in Vienna came to idolize him as the greatest American, the great man in the world. His dash and determination, and his fearless utterances appealed to our imaginations. As we say on Broadway, he 'sold' me America. We bought his speeches in booklets sold on the news-stands and devoured them with all of the zeal that you can expect of those who are musicians and young and in Vienna. That is why I heard when the call to America came."

When Mr. Riesenfeld arrived in New York he was captured, immediately and promptly in the Hammerstein manner by Oscar Hammerstein and remained with him until the close of the operatic ventures of that organization. There were various connections and musical affairs of interest after that, including the production of a comic opera for Klaw & Erlanger, the reorganization of the Century opera orchestra in which Mr. Riesenfeld achieved a thoroughly recognized success, a connection with the Victor Maurel opera school and a season as concert master with Titto Ruffo under Seraphine, conductor, at the Teatro Nationale in Habana, Cuba.

Early in his New York career Mr. Riesenfeld went calling in Brooklyn one evening. He kept on visiting in Brooklyn until presently he came back with the lady now known as Mrs. Mabel Dunning Riesenfeld.

* * *

Quite a musical career that this Riesenfeld has brought to the motion pictures. His picture career began when the Triangle was launching its meteoric career with de luxe presentations at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Then came the opening of the Rialto Theatre at Forty-second and Broadway, when Mr. Riesenfeld was called to the post of musical director by Samuel L. Rothapfel. When the Rivoli Theatre was opened by the same interests about a year ago, Mr. Riesenfeld extended his musical organization and responsibilities to include that theatre.

A few weeks ago Hugo Riesenfeld succeeded to the position of managing director of both the Rialto and Rivoli Theatres, this in addition to his musical work. The responsibilities, theatrical and commercial are considerable, involving as they do the annual expenditure of nearly a million and a quarter of dollars for entertainment—all of which must be understood as a tribute to that other little finger that stayed stubby while its brother was learning the violin.

IS it a location they are looking for? Hardly that—unless it would be one among the tree tops. We could conduct an exciting contest and keep you all guessing for weeks—maybe for months—but we won't. We will tell you a professional secret instead—it is the sun they are looking at. The art of motion picture photography is a marvelous one, but even so it is also dependent on the elements and especially the sun, as far as exterior scenes are concerned. And so the camera man consults the sun and his camera at the same time; Director Allan Holubar squints anxiously at the heavens trying to determine if they will be able to "shoot" just one more scene, and Dorothy Phillips, make-up box in close attendance waits their decision as she does some figuring of her own. Great work is expected of this trio in coming releases since the super-success that became theirs after "The Heart of Humanity."

RUMINATING WITH RUBY DE REMER

RUBY DE REMER was sitting on the camera platform on the big exterior lot of the studio munching a doughnut. Edward Jose, who is directing the picture in which she is appearing, was clear down at the end of a little street in France, explaining the situation to three hundred soldiers.

I had been trying to find Miss de Remer taking a rest for two whole weeks. But every time I saw her she was busily engaged in acting in some scene or other, and I didn't even get a chance to speak to her.

This time I walked up and introduced myself.

"Have a doughnut," said she. So I had one, and then I seated myself on the camera stand and we watched the scene in progress. The big basket of fresh doughnuts was at our feet, and it was finished with, as far as the director was concerned. So we helped ourselves continually.

* * * *

IF we looked straight ahead a perfect illusion was created. The street down which we faced was like hundreds in France. Even the rough cobblestones had been solidly put in. In the doorways of shops and homes lingered old peasants in their picturesquely-colored costumes. A few *poilus* sat on stoops or hung around the Salvation Army food wagon, chatting with the American soldiers or with the khaki-costumed girls. Clear down at the end of the crooked little street a little French girl and her soldier lover were flirting at a little street fountain, which looked as though it had quenched the thirst of a dozen generations.

Suddenly there was a commotion clear down at the turn of the road, and all the idlers began to display interest. Then, amid cheers and the waving of hats, a company of American soldiers appeared and marched down the little street. They were covered with mud, and looked very tired and worn. The front of the column halted near us, the captain gave orders to stack bayonets and stand at rest. Then Director Jose called: "Cut! That was fine."

Photo Campbell

Ruby de Remer, talented screen beauty, who does the best work of her career as leading woman in Screen Classics, Inc.,'s super-feature, "The Great Romance"

Photo Campbell

Pearl Shepard, starring in Julius Steger's late picture, "Break the News to Mother," now under production

* * * *

DON'T you like this set? asked Miss de Remer. "I think it's one of the most realistic I've ever seen. You know they've been working on it for about a month. When the soldiers first came this morning—they're from Fort McArthur—they all shouted with glee; they'd all been in France, and they knew the real thing when they saw it. So our little street has had expert approval. You know this is the first work I have done with this company, and I've been continually impressed with the thorough manner in which everything is done—every detail perfect, even if the scene is going to be nothing but a flash. I've had wonderful sport ever since I've been out here. It's all so new to me—I've done so little picture work. I'm only a new-comer to the footlights and the screen, you see.

"And I've been especially fond of working with Eugene O'Brien. He's from my home town—Denver—and we used to know each other there. When we started work on this picture it was the first time I'd seen him for years.

* * * *

IT'S odd how one meets people from the old home town. At every stop on the way out from New York I ran into someone that I knew. All morning long I've been intending to wander down this street—half the time I forget it's only an imitation—to see if some of the tourists aren't from Denver. You can't walk half a block on Broadway without seeing a dozen people from the home town."

"Tell me something about yourself," I interrupted. "Let's have all the facts about your career."

"Oh, nonsense," she replied. "I'm a secretive being. And besides, there isn't much to tell. Everything about my career has been written already. I came from Denver to New York two years ago, started in musical comedy, and now I'm doing pictures. I like the work, I intend to keep at it, and that's all there is to it." The director approached. "You're needed in this next scene, Miss de Remer," he said. So she departed.

VIRGINIA PEARSON

MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON, whose beauty and rare personal charm have won the admiration and plaudits of thousands of people is now appearing at the head of her own company.

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The marvelous gowns and headgear that MISS PEARSON wears—as well as her wonderful jewels have always delighted her womenfolk audiences, for she is a recognized authority on dress. But the elaborate and gorgeous wardrobe she displays in her newest picture surpasses anything that has ever been shown on the screen!

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No expense will be spared to make these productions photographically perfect—and superb in every detail.

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Wallace Reid, the well-known Paramount star

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

STRAND. "A ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY," with Robert Harron and Lillian Gish. D. W. Griffiths' latest Artcraft picture is a refreshing interlude of peace entitled "A Romance of Happy Valley." The story has to do with one John L. Logan, Jr., who takes himself to the big city much to the dismay of the Happy Valley folks, such as dad, mother, and sweetheart. There he spends the years, lives a pure and unadulterated life and comes back with enough coin of the realm to save the old home, and his sweetheart, one from the auction block and the other from spinsterhood. The boy is played by Robert Harron, Lillian Gish is the girl, and Kate Bruce and George Fawcett are respectively father and mother. "A Romance of Happy Valley" will not add particularly to D. W. Griffith's laurels.

* * *

RIVOLI. "CHEATING CHEATERS," with Clara Kimball Young. "Cheating Cheaters" is by far the best of Clara Kimball Young's recent pictures. Max Marcin's Broadway success is duplicated on the screen thanks to a variety of reasons chief among which is the able direction of Allan Dawn. The story is too well known to bear repetition; suffice it to say that a splendid cast including Tully Marshall, Mayme Kelso, and Frank Campeau all add to the fun of the play. Miss Young is unusually likable in this picture and will undoubtedly reap her reward in increased popularity.

* * *

RIALTO. "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN," with Tom Moore. "Go West, Young Man," is a Goldwyn production written by Willard Mack and directed by Harry Beaumont. Tom Moore the boy hero of the story lives up to the title of the picture, becomes sheriff of a western town and proceeds to clean house in a thoroughly capable manner even going so far as to arrest his dad for playing poker. That's all; there isn't any more, so use your own judgment.

* * *

JAPANESE ROOF GARDEN. "THE LIAR," with Jane Gail. This review will deal mostly with William Fox who operates the Japanese Roof Garden. To review "The Liar" would be a waste of time and space; suffice it to say the picture is at least two years old with the cast, star, and direction on a par with its age. But while I have nothing further to say regarding this feature I most emphatically ask how William Fox dare inflict a picture two years old on any audience much less one that pays twenty-eight cents admission to his theatre. I inquired of a man who might have been either usher or manager, I don't know which, the reason for showing so poor and old a feature and he informed me there were no other features available for that day. This I refuse to believe but I do credit Mr. Fox with ability to buy the oldest and cheapest film and get the most for them. Just why any audience will continue to patronize a theatre run on this basis is more than I can understand.

* * *

STRAND. "HERE COMES THE BRIDE," with John Barrymore. A well-known motion picture director has put himself on record declaring John Barrymore to be America's greatest actor. I fully agree with him. Comedy and pathos, laughter and tears, they are all alike to Barrymore. There's a laugh in every other foot of film in his latest picture "Here Comes the Bride." Faire Binney, Alfred Hickman and Frank Losee are in the supporting cast. The director, John S. Robertson will bear watching; he has little to learn. Altogether "Here Comes the Bride," is an excellent exponent of our idea of entertainment.

* * *

NEW YORK ROOF. "ONCE TO EVERY MAN," with Jack Sherrill and Mabel Withee. The Frohman Amusement Co. produced the film, Larry Evans wrote the story, T. Hayes Hunter was the director, and Jack Sherrill and Mabel Withee are the stars. A corking good story, well directed, well produced, combining love, youth, thrills and all the twists to the story that so delight the hearts of movie fans. "Once to Every Man" will be liked wherever shown.

* * *

ADELPHI. "AS THE SUN WENT DOWN," with Edith Storey. "As The Sun Went Down" is supposed to be a rugged and gripping play of mining life. It turns out to be a Keystone comedy of rare humor. Edith Storey is indeed to be pitied. For an exceptionally clever actress, she has usually been cast in the poorest kind of material and "As The Sun Went Down" is no exception. George D. Baker is responsible for the story, such as it is.

* * *

SYMPHONY. "THE HIDDEN TRUTH," with Anna Case. Anna Case should stick to concert work, for as a motion picture actress she makes an excellent singer. "The Hidden Truth" is directed by Julius Steger. There are some camouflaged western scenes that are very funny indeed, although they are meant to be most serious. Charles Richman plays the hero although no mention of his name is made. Anna Case's pantomimic ability is limited.

Photo, C. Smith Gardner

Eugene O'Brien, one of the featured players in "Fires of Faith"

WONDER TALE OF PATHÉ

CHARLES PATHÉ, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, being a man of wide vision and daring inspiration, is the hero of a wonder story of fact which has all of the charm of enchantment and performance of prodigy of any such tale told since the Arabian Nights Entertainment. For he was one of the first of men to realize the marvelous gift in the birth of the cinema. The Government of France has fittingly honored him and the world at large has been benefited by his genius. This fact strikingly is stressed now that it has been shown what a tremendous medium of propaganda the screen has been in educating the world as to the great truths of the war.

Charles Pathé was the first to film a photo-play and to enlist the aid of such artists as Bernhardt, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Rejane and others, and to call upon the talent of such a man as Henri Lavedan, of the Academy, in making for perfect production.

He was the first to recognize the camera as a news medium, and leader in the big educational process, the Pathé News, in one form or another, sees all that is transpiring in the world and shows it to all nations.

He was the pioneer to establish the first picture exchange, and to-day branches bearing his name are in every land.

The House of Pathé was founded more than twenty years ago, by four brothers, each of whom contributed less than $500. After only three weeks two of them withdrew, taking their money with them. Charles and Emilie held true to the big inspiration. Charles started with two Kinetoscopes, in which one was privileged, by depositing a coin, to see a succession of tiny photos tumbling over one another, and giving the effect of life action. The original idea was Edison's, and Charles Pathé was the one man in Europe to recognize that there was the germ of wonderful things. He saw, also, that to make his patrons come back again and again it was necessary to provide new pictures. Then and there was born the modern film exchange idea. He purchased twenty machines, placed them in twenty different towns, and switched the pictures in weekly rotation.

From his profits he secured Lumiere's motion picture camera, then just completed, and began to take his own pictures ten or fifteen feet at a time. A woman feeding chickens, a railroad train entering a station, a man running, sheep grazing; these were his early subjects. The idea of projecting these strips of film into the screen helped the infant industry tremendously.

Mr. Pathé took his fragmentary films in his pockets to London, Berlin, Rome, traveling third-class because of his limited means, and sold them there. Gradually his films lengthened and his markets increased, but for some time he was his own cameraman, shipping clerk, manufacturer, salesman and demonstrator.

CHARLES PATHÉ

One day the idea came to him that a story could be worked out upon the screen—that such film stories would possess a wider appeal than the bare facts of everyday life which he had been filming. He hired Max Linder, then an actor limp of purse at $4.00 a day to work in comedies. Here was born the photo-play of to-day.

The House of Pathé has consistently kept at the head of the procession. The one-room factory of twenty years ago to-day is represented by a $2,800,000 factory in Joinville, France, with sisters in Montren and other places; by others in England and the United States. The open-air platform, where the first plays were staged, was the ancestor of huge modern studios in France, the United States, England and India. The selling force of one man who carried his tiny films in his pocket is to-day represented by scores of offices and exchanges in all parts of the world, there being nearly forty in the United States alone; the news film which, even to-day in the face of wide competition is associated in the minds of most people with the "Pathé Weekly," the first to be made, has a lusty family in the "Pathé News" in the United States, the "Pathé Gazette" in Great Britain, the "Pathé Journal" in France, the "Pathé Giornale" in Italy, and another in Russia.

"The coming of the news-cinema is an event that, in point of importance to civilization, should take place with the rest of the world's epochal inventions and innovations," says a French commentator.

"Now, indeed, are we in an age of marvels when the enchanted crystal of the ancients is supplanted by a metal thing, from the white radiance of whose heart flow the realities of the life about us and those of far and strange lands. Now, indeed, is the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights come more than true, for are we not transported, in a flash, to whichever land our fancy may select; and may we not, at will, watch the great procession of the world's history—watch it in a world of shadows and know, nevertheless, that we behold the absolute reality?

"Charles Pathé has taken a plaything and made it one of the great forces of the world and especially of enlightment. And I firmly advance the prophecy that, in years to come—and soon—the news-cinema will be a world medium, speaking in a universal tongue and appealing to and instructing hundreds of millions of men.

"This news-cinema, mark me, will be even a greater force toward brotherhood of nations than the most eloquent written or spoken word, and the vista that it opens up would have captured our Jules Verne, most profoundly interested the kindred soul in England, H. G. Wells; and the spiritual and psychological side of it must impress every thinker who gives it even casual attention.

"Charles Pathé, with the news-cinema, leads us into a new and wonderful era of truth and light. Is he not one of the world's great innovators and benefactors? I think so."

Fannie Ward, soon to appear in "Sinister Shadows"

Frank Keenan, Pathé star, now making pictures himself

Ruth Roland, famous for her daring stunts

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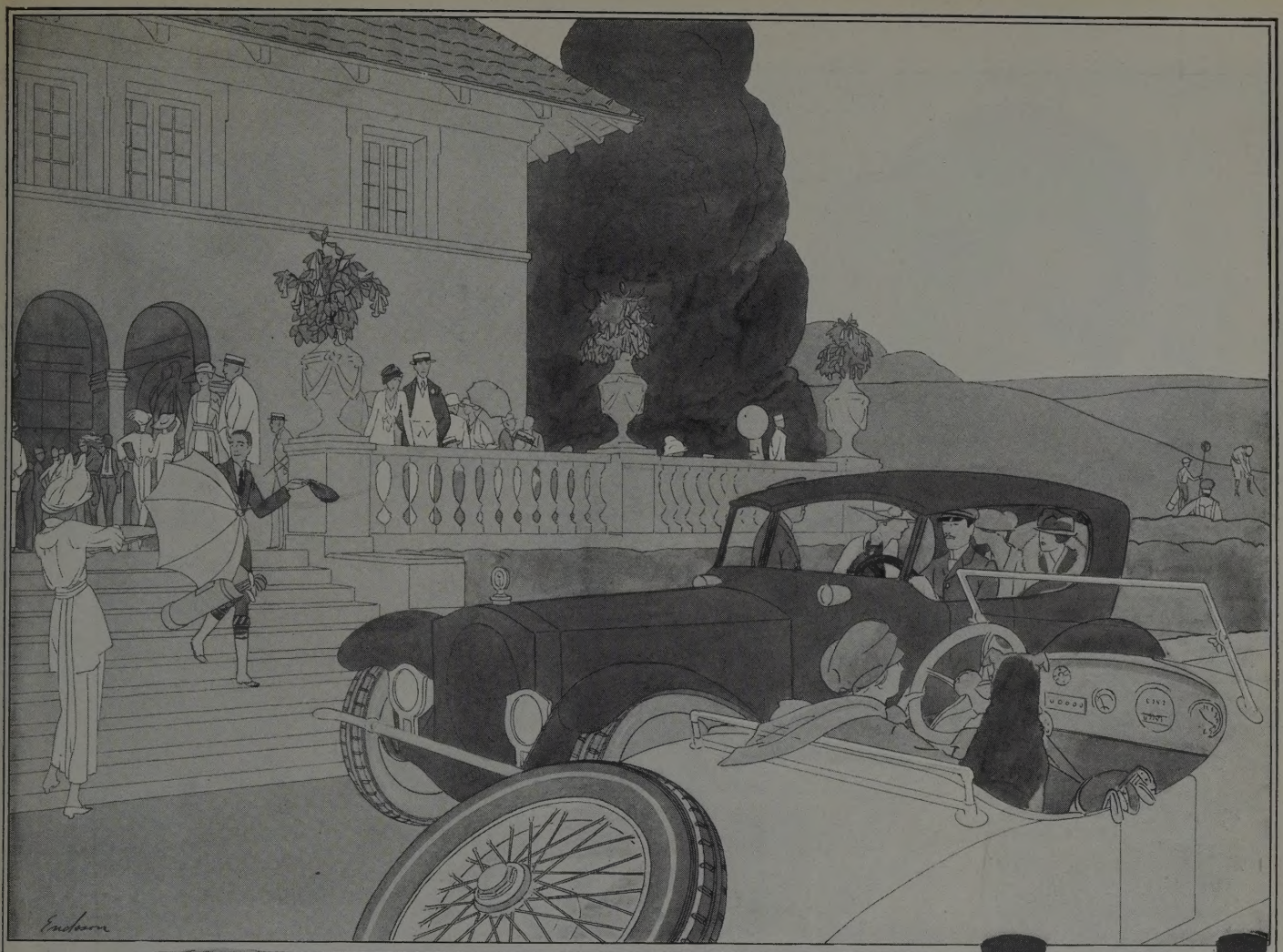

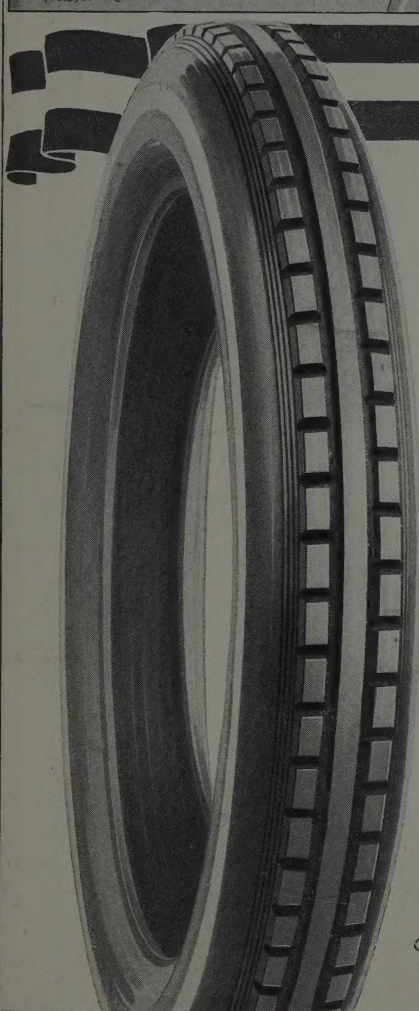

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1919

IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

That's just how it happened with Cyril. He had fallen desperately in love with the beauteous Gwendolyn.

But the fair damsel would have none of him. She had given her heart and soul to the theatre! When not rehearsing or appearing in amateur theatricals, she was at a Broadway playhouse seeing the latest "show." For Gwen had aspirations to become a "regular" actress!

Poor Cyril! He was desperate. He had practically bought out Maillard's but to no avail. Gwen never had time for him.

And then one day when the lad thought he would surely die of a broken heart he caught a glimpse of the THEATRE MAGAZINE on a newsstand. And he purchased it. He would see for himself all about his arch enemy, the theatre.

Miracle of miracles! Cyril became fascinated with theatricals himself. He rushed to see Gwen, asked her forgiveness, begged to be allowed to join her amateur club, and spent the rest of the evening perusing the THEATRE MAGAZINE with her.

All of which ultimately led to their being betrothed and living happily ever after!

EVERYBODY loves a matinée idol.

To the matinée girl he is the ideal man.

The first matinée idol in this country was Lewis Hallam, Jr. He came here in 1752 and held the stage for nearly half a century. Since then our boards have never been without a matinée idol.

But is matinée worship as keen today as it was fifteen years ago? You remember them—Henry Miller, William Faversham, E. H. Sothern, Harry Woodruff, Herbert Kelcey, James K. Hackett, and that prince among them all—Kyrle Bellew.

But the modern matinée idol has troubles of his own. So says Charles Cherry in an article in the May number entitled "When There Were Matinée Idols." He claims that the theatre has lost one of its most romantic figures.

Read his article and see if you agree with him?

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Editor

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THE PUBLISHERS.

THE chorus — the graveyard of the profession, they call it.

Louis Hirsh in the next issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE, makes a plea for it. We have to accept it as a "national institution" he says, so why not make it a tolerable institution?

Instead of encouraging individuality among the chorus, producers manipulate the chorus girl as if she were a piece of scenery. Each girl sways, wriggles, kicks and squirms in the selfsame way.

What can we do for these monotonous "Ladies of the Chorus"? The next number will tell you! Don't fail to read it!

'ULLO!

Bill will be with us next month. You've seen the Old Walrus in "The Better 'Ole," haven't you? You've laughed with him and at him, too.

Then you'll want to know something of the actor who created the rôle, and of his wife who plays a characteristic bit in the piece.

The Coburns are not strangers to the public by any means. But in "The Better 'Ole" they have come into their own. It is one of the biggest successes of the season.

How the Coburns came to put on the play is delightfully related by Mr. Coburn himself in the next issue.

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